

# The Sketch

No. 849.—Vol. LXVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



## SAYING GOOD-BYE TO HER ELDEST SON TO-MORROW: THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

To-morrow (May '6) the Princess of Wales will have to part with her eldest son, Prince Edward, who will be taken by his father to enter the Britannia Naval College at Dartmouth. Her Royal Highness takes a great interest in the Army, as well as in the Navy, and next week, on May 12, she has promised to attend a fête on behalf of military charities at Deepcut, near Frimley.

*From the new Portrait Study by Ernest H. Mills.*



# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



## The Very Newest Journalism.

I have been reading, with no little interest, the report published in a weekly contemporary of a lecture delivered at the Gallery First Nighters' Club by Mr. T. MacDonald Rendle. Either Mr. Rendle must have been more emphatic than is usual with him, or the recorder of his lecture thought it well to brighten up the "copy." At any rate, here is a sample passage from the report before me: "Although the 'gallery' boys had formed themselves into a club, they should not dogmatise! Although they were gods, they were not necessarily the Lord's anointed! A delightful feature about the club, however, was its happy association with the hard and tried workers of the stage! . . . He suggested that every member of the club should be on a sort of theatrical probation for the first three years of his membership? and forbidden during that time to express any opinion upon a play in public! At the end of his three years he should be put through his paces, and be made to 'justify his inclusion' in the ranks of their 'august' body! None were infallible—not even the young! [No quotation marks, oddly enough, for that passage.] An animated debate 'followed,' and in concluding his 'amusing reply,' Mr. Rendle wished the club all the success it deserved!" At each one of those exclamation notes, you may imagine Mr. Rendle leaping a little way into the air.

## Our Specimen Par.

This idea is worth following up. Much might be done with it in our daily papers. Matter which now looks dull and dead to you and me, friend the reader, would take on a fascinating, even a wildly exciting appearance. Here, for example, is a passage from the account of a fashionable wedding, reported in the new style—

"The bride! who was 'given away' by her 'father,' wore a beautiful (£) gown (?) of white 'mousseline-de-soie'!!! It was most gracefully draped (%) with old Honiton (\*\*\*\*\*) 'appliqué' lace (!), the 'gift' of her aunt (+). There was a high = belt = of paste embroidery (%!%!%!!!!!). The train, of ivory 'white' (?????), was brocaded in a (large) + (handsome) 'design,' and fell / from the shoulders /, where it was 'attached,' with effective (½) clusters of pearl (£%£%£%) and diamond-work (££££££££££). A 'tulle' veil was worn over a wreath of orange 'blossom' !!!!!!!!!!!!!, and the bridal bouquet —\*£\*£\*£\*£\*£\*— was composed entirely of 'orange' blossom !!!!!!!!!!!!! A 'string of pearls' (00000000), the gift (?????????) of the bridegroom, was worn !!!!!!"

(I hope you will appreciate the humour and ingenuity of the idea, friend the reader. It has taken me nearly three hours to build up that paragraph. I feel pretty sure that nobody will have the energy to steal it)

## A Noble Example.

Turning to something much simpler, but equally up to date, my attention was arrested the other morning by this extract from an address delivered at Bristol by Miss Alice Farmer—

"A life of luxury may be bad for us, but it is very nice."

That was what Miss Alice Farmer said at Bristol. Whether she elaborated it or not I have no means of judging; the daily paper from which I quote the extract evidently considered that it was sufficiently striking in itself to stand alone; at any rate, it did not report the address. Miss Farmer's dictum stood by itself at the head of a column, naked and unblushing. Consider it once more—

"A life of luxury may be bad for us, but it is very nice."

"Nice," of course, is the most daring word in the sentence. There is no pitiful attempt at palliation. If Miss Farmer had said, "A life of luxury may be bad for us, but it is very—pleasant or

comforting, or restful, or jolly, I should have passed by the extract, in all probability, without reading it. On the other hand—

"A life of luxury may be bad for us, but it is very nice"—

well, there is no chance of missing or forgetting it. I congratulate Miss Farmer on her courage. That thing needed saying. I wish I had said it myself, but, unfortunately, I am not an authority on the subject.

## Bungling Uncle Arthur.

Mr. William F. Crofter is the latest person to discover that, "while any child can amuse grown-ups, few grown-ups can amuse a child." So far as I am aware, Mr. Crofter omitted to state the reason why so few grown-ups can amuse a child. Without any desire to seem dogmatic, I should like to offer my own opinion on the subject. I think most grown-ups fail so signally as nursery-entertainers because they are always conscious of the fact that they are in the nursery. They feel that it is rather nice of them to be there, and the child sees that they feel it. You, Uncle Arthur, will never be successful as a builder of railway-lines unless you are just as keen to build a really good railway-line as the little person to whom you are under contract. Shirk the work in the smallest detail, and he will find you out in a second. You may think that an old box, without trimmings, will stand for the railway-station; get rid of the notion as quickly as possible. Your station must be fitted with platforms, waiting-rooms, bookstalls, engine-sheds, signal-posts, and a collecting-dog. If these details stagger you, keep out of the business altogether; there is no critic so exacting as the critic on the nursery-hearth. Above all, get it out of your head that you are doing something rather praiseworthy. You are not. You are merely claiming a privilege to which you are not entitled.

## Play for Your Side!

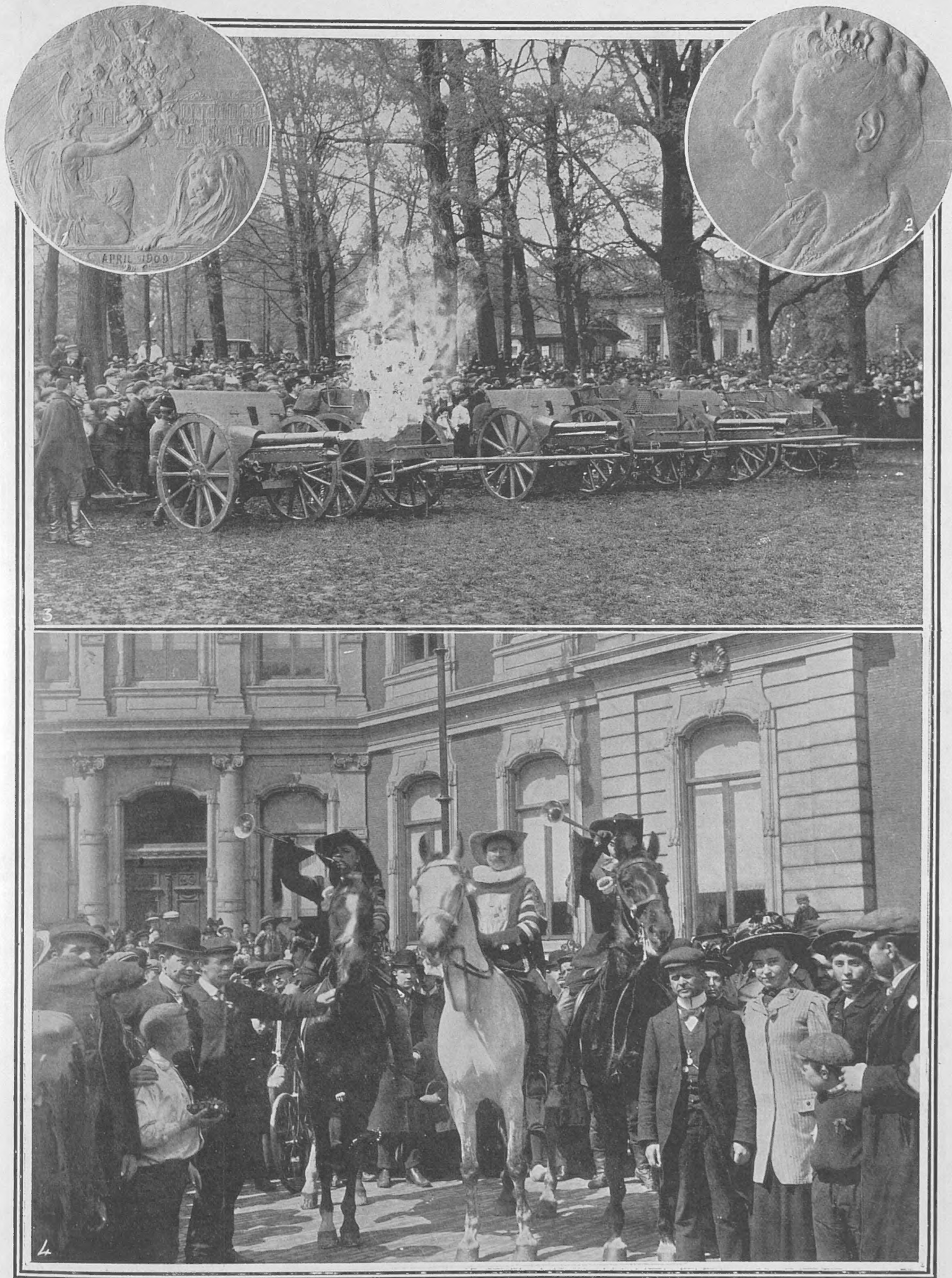
I am always sorry when I see people decrying the business or profession to which they themselves belong; when it happens to be my profession, I am righteously indignant. I feel, therefore, that I must rebuke severely Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson, who writes in this way of novelists: "I suppose the general public cannot be expected to take much interest in the troubles of the novelist. Unhappy brood that we are, we exist only by their favour: we are of little real value in the scheme of creation: the world would get along tolerably enough without us—perhaps would even waste less time and do more work—if with a graver face. But here and there some humane reader may be found to pity our state." Mr. Watson may cry out for pity if he likes, but I'll have none of it. Mr. Watson may describe himself and his brother-novelists as an "unhappy brood": I say that we are the happiest and luckiest fellows under the sun. Mr. Watson may declare that he is of little real value in the scheme of creation: I, for my part, claim that I am of as much value as the parson, the poet, or the painter, and of greater value than the politician, the lawyer, or the stockbroker. There is no finer artistic medium in the world than the novel. Amusement apart, novelists have done as much as any class of workers, to put it mildly, to chasten, to regulate, to refine, and to reform society.

## A Funny Story.

It is, we all know, the popular thing to sneer at novels and novelists. I remember once calling upon a man whose sole contribution to the amusement and enlightenment of mankind is a shilling hand book on "How to Learn the Greek Irregular Verbs." He has never been able to live down the publication of that book. He felt that it placed him among the educational authorities of the day, and his complaint showed itself in yawns, snorts, and other intellectual eccentricities. On his desk lay a novel by one of the finest writers of the last century. I took it up. "Ah," he said hastily, "a railway-book—a railway-book!"



“PRINCESS! PRINCESS!!” THE HOUSE OF ORANGE TO LIVE.



1. A MEDAL OFFERED TO THE QUEEN IN HONOUR OF THE HAPPY EVENT: REVERSE. 2. A MEDAL OFFERED TO THE QUEEN IN HONOUR OF THE HAPPY EVENT: OBTVERSE.

3. FIRING THE FIFTY-ONE ROUNDS ANNOUNCING THE BIRTH OF A PRINCESS; THE FIRST OF THE ROYAL SALUTES.

4. ANNOUNCING THE HAPPY EVENT BY WORD OF MOUTH: A HERALD PROCLAIMING THE BIRTH OF THE NEW PRINCESS OF THE HOUSE OF ORANGE.

After many days of anxious waiting, Holland was rejoiced to hear on Friday 1st that Queen Wilhelmina had given birth to a daughter. The news was announced in the first place informally by journalists dashing on their way to the post office; later, it was announced officially by the firing of a salute of fifty-one rounds, and by the proclamation of heralds. The jubilation at the birth is the greater in that, had no child been born to the young Queen, the throne would have passed eventually to a German prince.—[Photographs by Courvée.]

# "MR. PREEDY AND THE COUNTESS," AND SOME OTHERS.



MISS SHELLEY CALTON AS EMMA SIDGRAVE, WHO IS ENGAGED TO HAMILTON PREEDY.



MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS HAMILTON PREEDY, AND MISS COMPTON AS JOANNA COUNTESS OF RUSHMERE.



MR. WALTER PEARCE AS REGINALD SAUNDERS, WITH WHOM EMMA SIDGRAVE HAS FLIRTED.



MR. G. DAVY BURNABY AS THE EARL OF RUSHMERE.



MISS LYDIA RACHEL AS MRS. SIDGRAVE.



MR. A. VANE-TEMPEST AS THE HON. ROBERT JENNERWAY.



MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS HAMILTON PREEDY.



MR. FRED LEWIS AS JOHN BOUNSALL, AND MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS HAMILTON PREEDY.



MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS HAMILTON PREEDY.

Hamilton Preedy is the junior partner in Bounsall's Emporium, and is very much under the thumb of Mr. Bounsall, his senior. Thus, when Bounsall calls at Preedy's South Kensington flat, says that he is eloping with Joanna Countess of Rushmere, is suddenly called away into the country, and leaves the Countess behind him, Mr. Preedy is easily persuaded to lend his flat to Lady Rushmere. Out of this situation many farcical situations arise.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.



WEEDON GROSSMITH IN ANOTHER WEEDON GROSSMITH PART:

"MR. PREEDY AND THE COUNTESS," AT THE CRITERION.



MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS HAMILTON PREEDY, JUNIOR PARTNER IN THE BOUNSALL EMPORIUM.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Ranfield.*

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At the twelfth annual general meeting of Thomas Tilling, Ltd., held  
recently at the Canon Street Hotel, Mr. Richard Tilling, who pre-  
sided, said that the report the directors now had to make was much  
more cheerful than last year. "Our profits," he said, "have been  
six times greater. During 1907 we were only able to secure a profit  
of some £3000, but during 1908 our profits have been between  
£19,000 and £20,000, besides which we have been able to write off  
a very substantial sum on account of depreciation." It is interesting  
to note that, although the company has largely adopted motors,  
they have not allowed their horse stock to deteriorate in any way.  
Last year they spent £37,000 on this branch. Mr. Tilling thinks  
the horse has still a great future, and the company has still between  
5000 and 6000 horses. The chairman said that it would not be  
long before the concern was once more in the position from which  
it had temporarily fallen. The report was adopted unanimously.

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# BRUMMELL

## IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

Disappearin' Bees.

Three unmistakable, accidental, irresistible Bees have been lost to the wide world within the last five days. So I'm not feelin' particularly skittish. Without them there is a sort of draughty feelin' about. Do you follow me? All at school with me, all get-at-able ever since, all at the other end of the telephone, all to be found at the same hours in the same places in the same old Bee way—Londoners, therefore. Not merely useful jokers who sacrifice their comfort to build a reputation—men who will be statues or bust themselves in the attempt, who devote the sensible years of their lives to whippin'-in niggers in hot, quinine-and-whisky spots, and make coffee in tobacco-tins and think it beats Jules's. I'm talkin' about thorough, whole-hearted Bees, the right, decorative, English, bland, epigrammatic crawlers who meander through life and don't talk about it, or who, when they do talk about it, never give it a big L. The joker who talks about life with a big L generally makes his appearance in L with a big H. Yes, these three members of the Bee Brigade are lost. I was present when they were married. Oh, I've nothin' to complain of in the way they did it. Soles of boots carefully blacked, and every other golden rule carried out. Of course. Naturally. Nice women, too, as women go—women who can wear dresses that are a foot too long without appearing to notice it—an absolute test of pedigree; pretty, good young women, correctly made up to resemble pretty patchouli young women in the right fashionable manner—pretty, good young women who ride and hunt and golf and swim, and are photographed in the rigs necessary for the illustrated papers—after all, why should people on the stage have *all* the space?—in a word, the sort of young women a Bee in-

variably marries when marriage is about, d'y'see.

**Mrs. Bee.** So far, so good. In fact, so far, excellent—for if a man is goin' to marry let him play the game, and not take home to sit beneath the family pictures an accent you can cut with a knife and eighty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds collected from poor devils of weak intellect who had a bad twist of footlighthouse. St. George's, Hanover Square, played up in the usual way, and St. Margaret's, Westminster, did ditto; and photographs of bride and bridegroom duly appeared the following morning in the halfpenny papers, in which the bride might have been a wreck at midnight

and the bridegroom a regiment of Young Turks round a camp-fire. Puzzle pictures, aren't they?

I dunno. Anyway, they're awfully good, and speak well for the enormous strides we're makin' in the art of photography and that sort of thing. Mother, havin' performed heroic deeds to fix the thing up, cried the usual few tears of absolute exhaustion at the house lent by the aunt at a crack address; old Bee I. came down in a goin'-away costume, with an exclamation mark worn as a tie-pin; and men rolled up the red baize; and mother and father went off to dine in a quiet little place and add things up. The old, old game—so romantic, so dashed necessary, so infernally expensive!

**The Bee Type.** But the fact remains that there are three old Bees less in London, d'y'see, and that's not a light matter. Three years ago there were exactly sixty Bees here, with several promisin' recruits under constant observation. Now we are reduced to thirty-three. What? Oh, you may well get me to say what! Disasters have run amok among us. Marriage has taken twenty. They said they had to live. Well, it was their profession. Personally, I'd rather work, and even the word makes me shudder. I don't think the Bee type of man has any more right to work than the really charmin' woman has to swear. But, of course, I'm very, very old-fashioned, and so on, and I have my prejudices. Two—I'm talkin' about the disasters again now—fell away, went wrong, went phut, lost their heads, became absolutely devoid of loyalty and sense of decency, and went into Parliament, and three died. Poor dear old Bees! They stopped. Horrid! But their places haven't been filled, and won't be. God bless 'em all three! And of the thirty-three who remain, I am doocid doubtful about five. I've seen signs of



MR. E. S. WILLARD IN "THE CARDINAL."

### BY A PAINTER WHO MAKES A SPECIALTY OF THE THEATRE: WORKS BY MR. LOUIS KRONBERG.

Mr. Louis Kronberg, a number of whose works are being shown at the Mendoza Gallery, was born in 1872, at Boston, U.S.A. He studied in America, and then at Julian's under Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant. He won the Longfellow Traveling Scholarship, given by Mr. Ernest Longfellow, son of the poet, which entitled him to three years' study in Europe. He has painted many of the most notable people in America and in Europe, and makes a specialty of stage subjects.

earnestness appearin'. I've caught 'em knockin' off things and makin' themselves generally uncomfortable, and that's an unfailing sign of impendin' marriage. Well, if they go, there will only be twenty-eight men left among all the strugglin', pushin' mass of humanity who devote their lives to the decorative side of existence, men who are, in a sort of way, Quixotes, un-medalled V.C.s, Delhi heroes, members of the gallant little band of Bloods who represent a lost cause. Oh, it's too dashed sad to dwell upon for more than a minute. I'm goin' to hurry out to buy a tie, to take the taste of it out of my mouth. Forgive me till next week.



THE LOTUS.



AN ORIENTAL DANCER.





MR. JAMES SANT, R.A.

personality, was more than a good president—he was the perfect President. Sir Edward is not sensitive, however; he cares as little for comparisons of any sort as he cared about a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the administration of the Chantry Bequest, or about a passage of arms with so great a man as Ruskin. Sir Edward's wife, who died three years ago, was one of the three brilliant daughters of the Rev. G. B. MacDonald; the others are Lady Burne-Jones and Mrs. Lockwood Kipling, the mother of Rudyard.

*Sir Hubert von Herkomer.*—painter, actor, author, lecturer, motorist, and musician—is certainly the most versatile member of the Royal Academy.



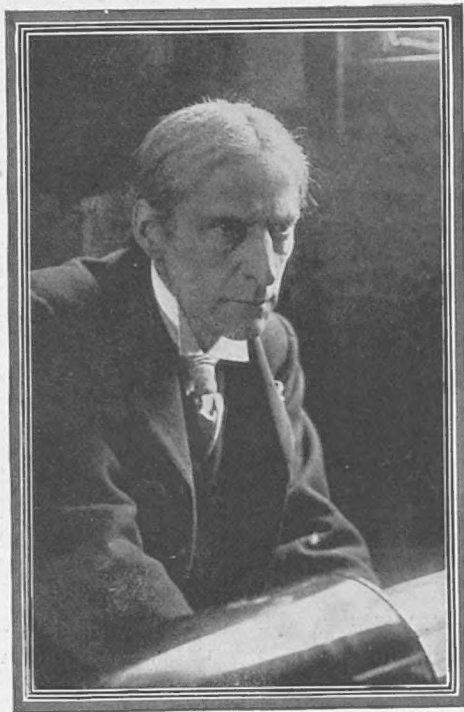
SIR W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

daring career was when, last year, Sir Hubert painted the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy. "A Hanging Committee is too good for Herkomer," said one captious sitter, when he saw the rather ruddy and raw representation of his complexion on Sir Hubert's colossal canvas.

#### Problems and the Painter.

Service, he went, instead, into "the City" and stayed there for a year. But he was not born, nor could he be made, a City man. Mr. Collier married a daughter of Professor Huxley, and his father-in-law and Darwin (the one a calm and the other a mercurial sitter) are in the gallery of his portraits. In Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whom he has painted twice, Mr. Collier found a sitter of unquenchable vivacity, but Irving had the "immobility of rocks." Mr. Collier has of recent years provided annual problems in paint, much to the satisfaction of the Burlington House public; but while the public gloats over the problem, Mr. Collier declares that he himself has no intention to be anything but very explicit.

THAT Sir Edward Poynter makes a good President of the Royal Academy cannot be gainsaid. To step into Lord Leighton's shoes—and robes—was an ordeal that a more sensitive person might well have shirked, for Leighton, a man of most gracious manners and charming



SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A.

HUNG AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY REGULARLY: SOME FAMOUS PAINTERS.

*Photographs by Mills.*

*Sir Luke Fildes and Mr. Marcus Stone.*

"I would answer for him, if it were needful, with my head," wrote Charles Dickens in a letter introducing young Marcus Stone, in search of book-illustration, to a publisher. Dickens

was alone then, but

now we would all answer for Mr. Marcus Stone, if it were needful, with our heads. Another of the Melbury Road group is Sir Luke Fildes, and he, too, knew and was admired by Dickens. Sir Luke Fildes is an artist who rose to a great occasion, his State portrait of Queen Alexandra being in his own, and in his sitter's, estimation among the very best of his works.

#### Optimists of the Brush.

Neither his lively presence at an Academy Banquet nor his lively paintings on the Academy walls would lead one to suspect that Sir W. Q. Orchardson is nearly three-quarters of a century old. Sir William has the youthful habit of mind which is constantly eager for work: "One is always finishing one's bad picture and beginning one's good one," is his cheerful description of the artist's life. Sir William's first great success was scored by "The Challenge"; it gained a prize offered by Mr. Wallis in 1865, and when exhibited at the French Gallery. By some chance Sir William scarcely profited by the general fame which his work commanded; for the *Times* gave a eulogium to the brilliant picture, and spoke of it throughout as Mr. Pettie's. A far older veteran of the brush is Mr. Sant, who is all but a nonagenarian. It is forty-eight years since he painted his famous

gallery of portraits, commissioned by Lady Waldegrave, for Strawberry Hill.

#### Portraits v. Landscapes.

"Cassandras" and "Samsons" are not always as profitable as the sitters of to-day, and his picture

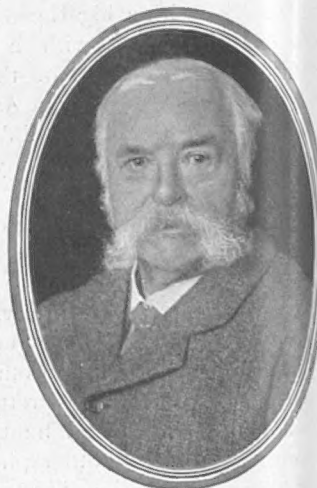
of the Prime Minister will probably be but one of many semi-official commissions to come his way. And now another stimulus has been given to the portrait-maker's trade; for it is probable that many brides will follow the example set by Mrs. Arthur Flower, who gave her portrait, painted just in the nick of time by Mr. Henry S. Tuke, A.R.A., as a wedding present to her husband. One sign that portrait-painting is held to be a more admirable branch of the art than any other may, perhaps, be gleaned from the fact that industrious landscape-painters like Mr. Leader and Mr. MacWhirter have been overlooked when honours have fallen to the lot of such painters as Sir Luke Fildes and Sir W. Q. Orchardson.



THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.



MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.

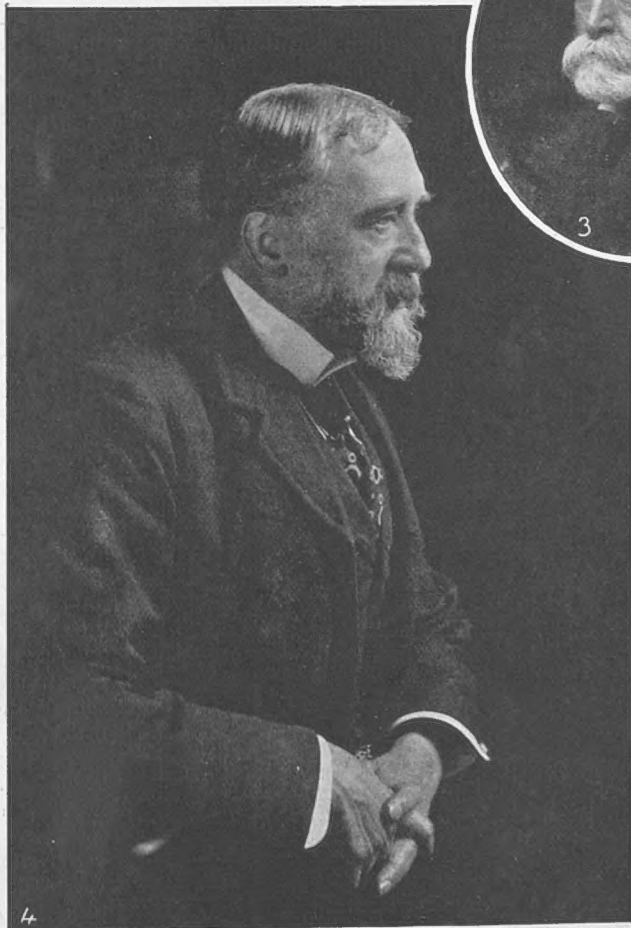


MR. B. W. LEADER, R.A.



## HUNG AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY BY RIGHT—AND MIGHT:

THE P.R.A. AND FOUR R.A.s.



1. MR. JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A.

3. SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

2. MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A.

4. SIR LUKE FILDES, R.A.

5. MR. J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

Each Royal Academician and Associate has the right to have six of his pictures hung at the Royal Academy each year.

*Photographs by Ernest H. Mills.*



# THE CLUBMAN



Lord "Bobs" Bill. Lord Roberts has the tenacity which comes of a fervent belief that he is in the right. He is

going to introduce a Bill into the House of Lords to oblige every able-bodied young man to go through, during one year, four months' training with the Territorials in camp, with a shorter training for the next three years. All soldiers will wish success to the Bill, though most of us doubt whether the veteran Field-Marshal can reasonably hope that his Bill will go through the Commons, if it is safely steered through the Lords. The raising of the Territorials has done one very good service to the cause of national defence: it has shown the great public that there is nothing very terrifying in being under military law. The word "compulsory" would lose its terrifying effect very much in the same manner when it was found that compulsion does not mean bullying.

## A Good Chest Measurement.

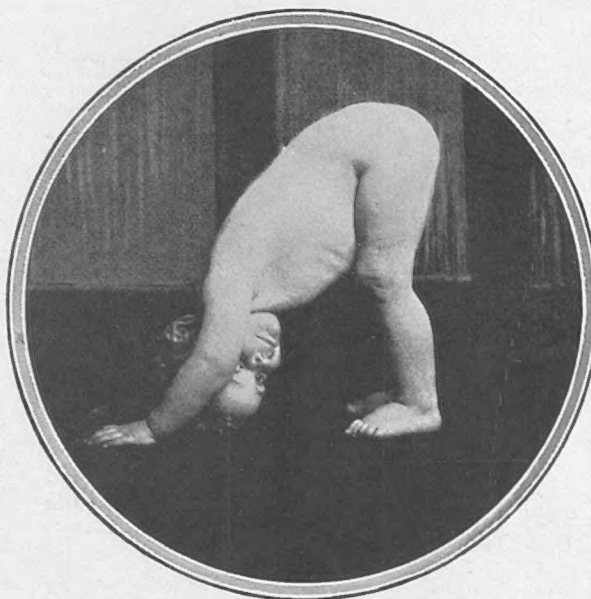
The betterment of the physique of our race would be almost incalculable if Lord Roberts' Bill were to pass. I never meet a new Territorial recruit—and very slim, pale lads many of them are—without thinking that patriotism and the doctor's directions often run on parallel lines. All our Territorials will now increase their chest-measurement by their fortnight in camp; but if, instead of a fortnight, they spent four months in the open air in the first year of that transition period when a boy is just becoming a man, as well as a fortnight a year for the next three years, the reproach that London stunts her lads would, I feel sure, be done away with. If every lad of eighteen were obliged to go through this training, the loss of time from an educational point of view would fall on all youths exactly at the same time, and therefore would not be a handicap in the race of life. I wish Lord Roberts all success with his Bill, and some such Bill will inevitably pass some day or another; but I doubt whether our great public, which never looks ahead, is yet prepared for it.

## The British Waiter.

A movement has been put on foot to restore the British waiter to his pride of place. Clubs are really his last stronghold, but it is by no means an easy matter to obtain a place as a club servant for any young man whose tastes lie in that direction. When I wore a red coat, I had an excellent soldier servant. When his time with the colours was up, I obtained a place for him in the coffee-room of one of the big clubs; but I had to make as much favour with various potentates in that club to obtain the appointment as if I were asking for some highly remunerative post. There are various reasons why the British waiter, who still holds the fortress of the clubs, has been ousted from the restaurants. The first reason is that nine out of ten managers of restaurants are foreigners, and like to have their own countrymen under them, and the second is that the foreign waiter is willing to make a beginning for no pay, on the chance of recouping himself hereafter.

## The Restaurant-Manager.

To be the manager of a London restaurant requires an education which very few Englishmen get. The proprietors and managers of the French and Swiss and North Italian hotels all educate their sons to follow the trade of their fathers, and, that they should do this successfully, they arrange that they shall learn their business thoroughly, from the lowest rung of the ladder to the highest, and should acquire all the languages that will be useful to them in their work. The bright little page who swings open the door to the patrons of the restaurant, and acquires a knowledge of English, and becomes a very shrewd judge of character, is probably the son of some manager in Paris or Rome. All the knowledge of the world he is obtaining will be very useful to him when, later on in his career, he becomes a *chef de réception*, and has to make up his mind in a second what the position of newcomers to a big hotel is, and whether they should be offered a suite on the first floor or be put up in the roof under observation as possible thieves. From being page the future manager becomes a cook, and while he learns to make sauces makes mental note of all the openings for leakage, which it will be his business to stop one day. Next he becomes a *commis*, a young unpaid waiter, then becomes a waiter, and at last is promoted, as head waiter, to the dignity of a black tie.

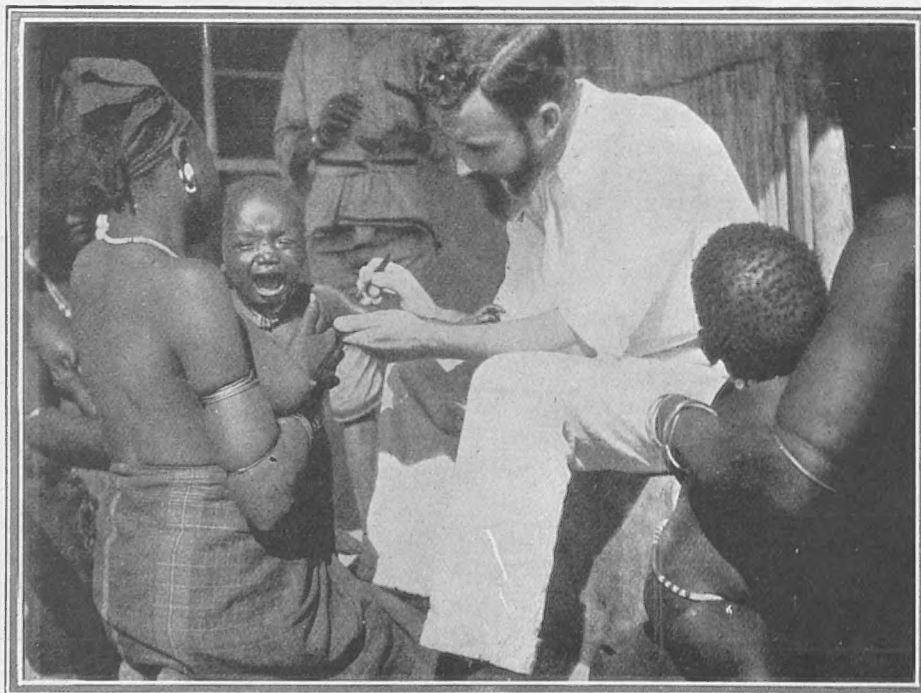


CAN YOU DO THIS? IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Photograph by Mitchell and Co.

## A Frock-Coat and Pearl Pin.

From restaurant to restaurant the future manager moves, and at last, with a pearl pin in his faultless black-silk tie and a frock-coat of superb cut, with the brain of a great general, and speaking three or four languages just as well as his own, he stands a full-fledged manager. The hours he has to spend in a restaurant would kill an ordinary Englishman, and as he has to maintain discipline in an army of waiters, he prefers that this army should consist of his own countrymen, whose temper he knows. These managers are, of course, Fortune's favourites; but the ordinary foreign waiter, the man with whom the British waiter has to compete, has a backing which the home-made article has not. He comes from Italy or Switzerland with enough money, lent him often enough by a village syndicate, to carry him through the first lean months; he joins a club of his countrymen all in the same trade and gets information there as to where positions are vacant; he becomes a *commis*, without pay or share in the tips, to an experienced waiter; and when he has risen to be an experienced English-speaking waiter himself he is quite willing to accept nominal pay in any restaurant where his share of the pooled tips is sufficient to give him a margin over his living expenses. British waiters have not the patience or the financial backing or the organisation of the foreign ones. If the British waiter is to be amongst us once more, we shall have to establish a college for waiters.



BY NO MEANS A PASSIVE RESISTER: A KAFFIR BABY BEING VACCINATED.





OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



1. CLIMBING A RUNGLESS LADDER: AN INDIAN WATER-CARRIER MOUNTING A POLE.

3. A WAGON-TYRE AS A BELL: A KAFFIR CALLING THE FAITHFUL TO CHURCH IN BASUTOLAND.

2. HELD BY THE HORNS: SHIPPING CATTLE AT SIERRA LEONE, WITH A PRIMITIVE HOIST.

4. HER HOUSEHOLD GOODS ON HER HEAD; HER HOUSEHOLD GOD ON HER BACK: A WOMAN OF ZANZIBAR.



MISS EVELYN MARY VAN STRAUBENZEE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER FLETCHER IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss van Straubenzee's father commands the Royal Engineers at Portsmouth.

Photograph by Swaine.

shire. Mr. Phipps was the best sort of tenant for the Lytton estate, for he came to England on a pilgrimage to the home of the author of "Lucille," which book was his first "engagement" gift to the lady who became his wife, and his sentimental visit led to a prolonged tenancy. But Mr. Phipps of the United States is but one of the distinguished strangers who have stayed at Knebworth; there is, of course, a "Queen Elizabeth Room," and a bed that, along with many hundreds of others in England, claims to have given rest to her crowned head. But Elizabeth's nights are now of no account; Pamela is the present queen, and if Knebworth gives rest to her and her baby it will have done all that is demanded of it. So thinks Lord Lytton, and so think we.

*The Laureate's Grandson.*

Mr. Charles Tennyson, who is engaged to Miss Ivy Pretious, is a grandson of the Lordly Laureate, and of Frederick Locker, the author of "London Lyrics," and is, moreover, since his mother's second marriage, a step-son of Mr. Augustine Birrell. Mr. Birrell's hobby is the making and collecting of books, and not marriages; but since Tennysons and tomes are so inseparably wedded, he cannot refuse to be interested in the present

## CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

Lord and Lady Lytton have a daughter, and Knebworth another inmate. The house came to the Bulwers, with the name of Lytton, when the first peer married an heiress; but subsequent Lyttons have not wedded fortunes, and Knebworth was for some years rented to Mr. Henry Phipps, who afterwards became an occupant of Lord Lovat's most delightful castle in Inverness-

law. Mr. Charles Tennyson and Miss Ivy Pretious are to be united at the end of July.

*The Lady from County Clare.* Miss Cara Blood has plighted her hand to Mr. R. H. Brocklebank, of the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, and Sir Bindon and Lady Blood lose their only child. The Bloods of County Clare are a family of many brave soldiers and lovely ladies; but



LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER LESLIE FLETCHER, R.N., WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MISS EVELYN VAN STRAUBENZEE IS ANNOUNCED.

Lieutenant Fletcher is the eldest son of Mr. C. R. Fletcher, Fellow of All Souls' and Magdalen Colleges, Oxford.

Photograph by Swaine.

one greatly daring, although perhaps not altogether worthy, gentleman is generally the first to be remembered in connection with the name. In a less secretive age than ours a thief of Crown jewels could not long remain anonymous; and Colonel Blood, after the attempt he made upon them, was the topic of much talk. He himself talked to such good purpose that he came out of his escapade with a pardon and—a pension! Our good wishes are due to a lady of another branch of the Bloods of County Clare. Lady Colin Campbell keeps her birthday this week, and although her accustomed and lovely presence was missed during both the Press days at the Royal Academy and at the Private View, she is, we are glad to think, greatly recovered from her recent illness. And if she cannot go to Burlington House she has her own miniature academy in Carlisle Mansions, where Boldini's lively but rather lean presentment of her features and figure keeps company with the landscapes of Le Sidaner and the sculptures of Rosso.

*Tall Lord Loudoun.*

The Countess of Loudoun has brought her nieces, Miss Augusta Tredcroft (a half-sister of Countess De La Warr) and Miss Middleton to London for the season.



BEARER OF A NAME GREAT IN BRITISH HISTORY: LADY LYTTON.

It is to be hoped that Lady Lytton's new daughter will inherit the beauty of her lovely mother. Lord Knebworth, who is a splendid little boy, in great request as page at fashionable weddings, has already a sister, now four years old, a goddaughter of the Crown Princess of Sweden. Lady Lytton as Miss Pamela Plowden was considered the cleverest as well as the prettiest girl in Society, and her marriage to the bearer of one of our greatest historic names aroused interest all over the world, especially in India, where the Plowdens have done great things for the Empire.

Photograph by Spreight.

case. When Lord Tennyson wrote to the Duke of Argyll to announce his son Lionel's engagement to Miss Locker, he described her as "half a Bruce and half a 'London Lyric,'" and naturally the bookish Mr. Birrell was not slow to adopt the latter portion of that description when he won the hand, in 1888, of the poet's widowed daughter-in-

Colonel Tredcroft's other unmarried, and tallest, daughter is not at Gloucester Place, but the Crimean hero is not ill-represented by his youngest daughter. Lord Loudoun, who has never grown shy of the kill and the Campbell tartan, is not as broad as he is long, but his shoulders are most notably in proportion with his great height.



MISS EDITH MAUD PALEY,

Whose engagement to Mr. Robert Cecil Hamilton, R.N., youngest son of Lord and Lady George Hamilton, is announced.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



MR. ALAN URQUHART CAMPBELL,

Son of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose marriage to Miss Helen Bull, daughter of a Chicago magnate, took place last week.

Photograph by Downey.



# WORTH MORE THAN REMBRANDTS: MILLIONAIRE LIVING PICTURES.



1. MRS. HENRY PAYNE WHITNEY AS HERODIAS.

2. MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT AND MR. LYTTLE HULL AS BEATRICE AND DANTE.

3. MISS HARRIOT DALY AS MADAME BUTTERFLY.

## FOUR HUNDRED POSES: THE FAIR OF FIFTH AVENUE.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the ladies who took part in a series of living pictures at a recent charity entertainment in New York, given by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, were "worth" many thousands of Rembrandts or other Old Masters. All of them are of the select Four Hundred. The children's hospital for which the fête was held benefited to the tune of 25,000 dollars.

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monotie)

## Mr. Mason's Latest.

It is a little curious that we should have had a colonel for the hero of two new plays last week: one of them, thanks to the acting of Mr. Alexander, was quite an agreeable fellow, not, perhaps, showing the utmost conceivable refinement in ideas; concerning the French colonel I shall speak a little later. Mr. Mason in "Colonel Smith" hardly reaches the level expected, or at least hoped, by the admirers of his novels, to say nothing of his constituents. In fact, it is doubtful whether he has a real instinct for the stage. The present work is a carefully finished article of manufacture, showing, indeed, some advance in technique upon "Marjorie Strode," and well enough contrived to pass, but not attaining the St. James's standard in style. However, Mr. George Alexander plays the Colonel quite admirably, in the true vein of comedy, and his performance alone well repays a visit. Moreover, for heroine, there is the popular favourite, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who, whilst perhaps not quite realising the character imagined by the author, is entertaining in her own way, very skilfully. Amongst the others one may mention Miss Dorothy Green, who showed some ability in a rather difficult part.

## The Balzac Play.

The other Colonel, the French one, did not prove very robust. Indeed, on the first night I suspected that Mr. Waller would soon be promoted from Colonel to Prince—instead of which he has been degraded to a Musketeer. Can it be that "Beaucaire" has exhausted its drawing power? Yet I believe that George Fleming's drama, "The Conquest," a few years ago would have had quite a substantial run. It is the most conspicuous sign of the times that many plays have failed during the last eighteen months that might have done very well six years ago, the explanation being that the new drama, even if not strong enough yet for life, has been clearing the ground ferociously. It must have been very disappointing to Mr. Lewis Waller (who, as the Colonel, did full justice to his gifts) and Miss Maxine Elliott that the piece should have had such a short run, though it is difficult to see how she came to choose a part so little suited to her style as actress as that of the Duchess. The acting as a whole went some way to justify the views of those who think our players need much more special training in the presentation of artificial comedy.

## A Real Sense of Humour.

The cleverest piece I saw this week is "A Sense of Humour," by Miss Beryl Faber and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, presented at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. It is a light, amusing comedy, which approached farce daringly without ever trespassing. It gave a twofold pleasure—one simply and directly by its humour and wit, and the other due to admiration for the dexterity with which the apparently rather small subject was rendered sufficient for the three acts without any padding. There was an excellent performance by Miss Beryl Faber (charming as the heroine), Miss May Brooke, Miss M. Unett, and Messrs. R. Dance, E. Irwin and A. P. Bell.

## The Camel Piece.

It would be rude to say that the camel is the most interesting personage in "The Persian Princess," but certainly its entry was the thrilling moment of the piece, the chief attraction of which is hardly its brilliance of dialogue or originality of plot. No one seems to care much about such matters if there are gorgeous costumes and splendid scenery, countless jokes by Mr. Graves in his own peculiar, popular style, delightful singing by Miss Ruth Vincent, doleful drolleries by Mr. Horace Mills—somewhat à la Edmund Payne—and the customary bevy of beauties. All these we had, as well as tuneful, not too exacting music from the skilful pen of Mr. Sidney Jones, and some agreeable singing by Mr. Noel Fleming, a lively performance by Miss Carrie Moore, some rather quaint acting by Mr. Morand, some capital work by Miss Lily Iris, and the graceful dancing of Miss Vivienne Tailleux.

HALFWAY THROUGH THE FEEDING.



## A Real Musical Comedy.

There ought to be no doubt about the success of "The Arcadians," at the Shaftesbury, for though the last act is long, that is a fault which can soon be cured, and the first two-thirds are musical comedy at its best. That it remains musical comedy is because its authors, Mark Ambient and A. M. Thompson, have merely suggested an idea and made little effort to work

it out consistently. Arcadians, who do not know how to lie, send two of their number to teach England to be true; but almost the only thing the ambassadors do is to win a race at Askwood, for the sake of a young man whose chance of marrying depends upon the success of his horse. This is a disappointing result from so important a mission; but the situation is redeemed by the wistful innocence and the beautiful singing of the chief missionary, Miss Florence Smithson, who is a figure from fairyland, and no mere musical-comedy girl. Hers is the greatest triumph of the evening, but Mr. Dan Rolyat and Mr. Alfred Lester are genuinely and almost continuously funny; and Miss Phyllis Dare plays, sings, and dances agreeably. The music,



SATISFIED, AFTER THE FEEDING.

GRUMPY, BEFORE THE FEEDING.

IN A CURTAIN-RAISER OF EXCEPTIONAL INTEREST: MR. ROBERT WHYTE JUN. AS SAMUEL POTTLE IN "FEED THE BRUTE"

That well-known young actor Mr. Robert Whyte Jun. is meeting with considerable success as Samuel Pottle in George Paston's "Feed the Brute," which precedes "The Noble Spaniard," at the New Royalty. After a good deal of other experience, Mr. Whyte joined the Vaudeville Theatre Company in 1906, and appeared in "The Belle of Mayfair." After that he was with Mr. Charles Hawtrey in "The Cuckoo," "Dear Old Charlie," and "Jack Straw."

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

by Messrs. Lionel Monckton and Howard Talbot, is well above the average. The dresses are wonderful, the first act being, thanks to Mr. Wilhelm, a vision of delight, for Mr. Wilhelm knows how to give gorgeous effects without fatiguing the eye. In many cases, the headaches acquired by people at splendid spectacles are due to the colour-schemes being "hot" and to the lack of restful patches.

## A New "Chicot."

Mr. Keble Howard's "Come Michaelmas," at the Adelphi, is a very pleasant little episode of country life, in the manner which the author has made his own. The reluctant courtship of a clumsy yokel, assisted by a genial farmer's wife, is sketched in with a kindly humour and sympathy; and though Mr. Howard does not quite succeed as he succeeded in "Compromising Martha," the little play is worthy of his reputation. It was excellently acted by Mr. Arthur Soames, Mrs. Rose Edouin, and Miss Pearl Keats.



## A HOUSE OF SOUVENIRS: THE HOTEL-LABEL BAG OUTDONE.

THE RESULT OF TWENTY YEARS' TRAVELLING: A UNIQUE DWELLING.



1. "SOUVENIR HOUSE," THE WALLS OF WHICH ARE DECORATED WITH STONES, PEBBLES, PIECES OF GLASS, CHINA, AND SO ON, SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL.

2. "SOUVENIR HOUSE," ITS BARN AND ITS STABLES, ALL OF WHICH ARE DECORATED WITH SOUVENIRS GATHERED BY MR. AND MRS. FOGEL.

3. PART OF THE HOUSE, SHOWING SOME OF THE BIGGER STONES USED IN THE DECORATION, AND SOME SMALL STONES.

4. THE PORCH, SHOWING PILLARS DESIGNED TO REPRESENT TREES, AND SOUVENIR-DECORATED WALLS.

5. MR. FOGEL AT THE DOOR OF HIS UNIQUE DWELLING, SHOWING SOME OF THE LARGER STONE SOUVENIRS, A FEW OF THE MANY CARRIED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES IN A TRUNK.

This dwelling has just been finished. It stands on the outskirts of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, and was built by its owner, Mr. Tilghman Fogel, a retired agriculturist, who devoted three years to the task. For twenty years Mr. Fogel and his wife travelled extensively throughout the United States. Wherever they stopped, even at remote water-tanks in the Far West, Mr. Fogel would leave the train and pick up some memento, sometimes nothing more valuable than a pebble or a fragment of glass. These were placed in a huge trunk carried along for the purpose, which, when filled, was shipped home, each object that it contained first having been carefully labelled. After this had been going on for some twenty years Mr. Fogel conceived the idea of erecting a house of concrete blocks, in the exterior of which would be imbedded his souvenirs of his journeyings. This plan he has carried out. In the decoration figure such articles as stones, pebbles, petrified wood, shells, medicine and other bottles, broken glass and china, and pieces of metal.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Taking It Coolly.**

The "imperturbable calm" of Abdul Hamid, which has excited so much surprise, might have been expected of any Oriental ruler, and especially of a ruler of Turkey. It is a way that his predecessors had, no less than he. When the throne of Abdul Aziz was tottering, and he knew it, a Council meeting was held at which affairs of the utmost gravity were toward. The deliberations of the Ministers were interrupted by a peremptory summons from the Sultan, calling hence the Grand Vizier, and suspending the meeting. The Sultan was awaiting him in a garden. The Minister approached with due measure of trembling genuflections. "Never mind that now," said the Sultan, cutting short the most abject of the grovelling. "Come here directly. Did I not say that Acmet would beat Assam? See, he is doing it now." He pointed to two gamecocks which were enthusiastically spurring each other to pieces, while Ministers and the affairs of the Empire marked time in the Council Chamber.

**The Measure of a Man.**

Various tricks are recorded showing how eager men are to enlist as Territorials. One little hero proposes the raising of a regiment of five-foot-nothings. The little ones must have forgotten the tricks which their fathers knew. Sir Algernon West could give them a wrinkle or two. In days when cadetships in the Marines were given away by a First Lord whom he served, Sir Algernon had to measure the lads so nominated. One young hopeful presented himself for inspection wearing platform heels to his shoes four inches high. That, however, did not equal the feat of another martial spirit. He stepped under the measuring-rod, and did not feel the fingers of the inspector gripping his hair to the rod. "That will do, thank you," said the official voice, and the artful innocent stepped down, leaving in the hand of the wary one the wig which he had worn over his hair to raise his height.

**On Thin Ice.**

Should Mr. Roosevelt visit the Courts of Europe, as it is expected that he will, he will be well advised to have better agents in advance than one of his predecessors. President Grant, when he got to Constantinople,

with propriety make official calls himself. The admirable Mr. Tucker, U.S. Ambassador there, popped in and saw the difficulty and solved it. He suggested to our Ambassador that Grant would be delighted to see him. Then he sounded the French Ambassador, who "expected *le grand homme* to call on him." Tuckerman remarked that Grant might be busy with the British Ambassador, who was already on his way to the American Legation. "Are you sure of that?" asked the Frenchman. "Quite," answered the other; "there he goes!" and pointed to the Layard equipage. "Then I'll go, too," said the Frenchman; presently the Italian Ambassador said the same; and they all together, with one accord, went to make merry with the Man That Was. But it had needed some finessing.

**A I at Lord's.** Thomas Lord builded better than he knew. The M.C.C., which holds its 122nd annual meeting to-day, was founded by the man who gave the name to the ground, but he did not realise that he was creating a home for the Parliament of cricket. There existed the Old White Conduit Cricket Club, in whose service Lord had acted in a humble capacity, and it was a quarrel between some of the members which made them put Lord up to seeking a new ground for an

independent club. The land selected lay in Marylebone; Lord gave it his own name, and the new club the name of the parish; and its members set to work on their first match on the last day of May 1787. That club to-day has a membership of over five thousand—candidates for membership entered, like Derby horses, at birth—and an income of £15,500 in subscriptions alone. Lord was a member of a Scottish family whose participation in the "'45" sent them to England, but he died farming in Hampshire. They ought to have laid him snugly under a bit of the turf that he loved so well; he always carried his own for a new cricket-ground, and so keen was his agony at the wear-and-tear of the wicket that he nearly fainted upon a match day when he saw "a thundering great greyhound galloping over it."

**The Simple Cricket Life.** Our Australian friend, Cotter, ought to have lived and bowled and had his being in those days. Such harvests he would have had—harvests of toes and teeth as well as timbers. The batsman went to the



THE MARTIANS DISCOVERED BY A MEDIUM: DRAWN WHILE IN A TRANCE. There were exhibited at Prague some time ago a number of drawings made by mediums while in a state of trance. Three of these drawings are given on this page.—[Photograph by Heyk.]



A MONSTER IT IS DEATH TO SEE: A CREATURE OF MARS DRAWN BY A MEDIUM WHILE IN A STATE OF TRANCE.

The sight of this creature is believed to be so awe-inspiring that it is death to look upon it.—[Photograph by Heyk.]

from being the big man of America, suddenly found himself a nobody. The Russo-Turkish War was just ended; the Russian troops and British fleet lay near the capital; and nobody thought of Grant. Nobody called, and the question was whether he could



A GHOSTLY VISION: A DRAWING MADE DURING A TRANCE BY A MEDIUM AND EXHIBITED RECENTLY AT PRAGUE.

The exhibition of these pictures was forbidden in Prague. The Austrian authorities will not encourage such things.—[Photograph by Heyk.]

wicket sans pads, sans gloves, sans cap. He was attired in low shoes, silk stockings, and three-cornered hat; though it is but honest to add that contemporary prints show some sartorial additions to this little list compiled by the annalist.



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UNDER WHICH COAT?



FOREMAN OF WORKS (at the dinner hour): None of you men leave the works till you've been searched—there's a barrow missing.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## Adventurers.

What's an adventurer? I mean to ask what sort of person do you signify when you speak of an adventurer. The word had a good sense once, and its adjective still has; when we speak of an adventurous man we mean a spirited fellow who likes to do things of a physically difficult and daring kind, and does not mind hardships and dangers. And so the word adventurer was used in the seventeenth century: Walter Raleigh was an adventurer. Then it came to mean a man who adventured capital in some undertaking across the seas, taking pecuniary, not physical, risks. That was a deterioration, but it still meant nothing bad. Then politicians applied it to their opponents, when they could, meaning, roughly, a man of "no birth," and little or no substance; in the view of the old aristocratic families, no one ought to go into the House of Commons who did not belong to one of them, unless he were very rich indeed. So they called Canning an adventurer, and Disraeli an adventurer. Here we find the evil meaning, because although there is no harm in being neither wealthy nor an aristocrat, these old aristocrats *thought* there was: birth or much money was a necessary qualification. So that was all very well in its way, too, because there was a logical justification for the evil import. But what was a real hardship was when the word was applied by way of taunt or accusation to poets, men of letters, and suchlike, if they had no money. Some sort of case may be made out, though not a good case, for politicians being rich; but when did the Muses ever insist on *their* followers being men of substance? Yet, over and over again, poets have been called adventurers merely because they had to live, if they could, and they generally could not, by their poetry. That was hard indeed!

## Richard Savage.

The reflection was suggested to me by a Life of Richard Savage, by Stanley V. Makower (Grant Richards), which I have just been reading. But only indirectly, because Richard Savage is an instance of the word "adventurer" being applied in an evil sense with a fair amount of justification. If he had been merely a penniless poet I should have thought it unfair, of course, and so I should if he had been merely a man who lived on his friends: better men have done that, to the great content of their friends; and it was nobody's business to cavil. But Savage was an adventurer in a bad sense. You may have forgotten his history, which I will therefore proceed to relate. He was generally believed, and certainly believed himself, to be the illegitimate child of Lady Macclesfield, and began life by violently insisting on his recognition as such by her, which she steadily refused him. Even if he had been, and

could have proved it, he had no legal claim on her for support. But he insisted, and wrote or inspired pamphlets on the subject, and bewailed himself for his unhappy birth, and so forth. Now surely, to insist on being recognised as the illegitimate son of somebody who disowns you is to be an adventurer, in quite a bad sense. It is a pitiable case to begin with, but it ends by being a ridiculous one. I cannot help thinking that Savage was a contemptible person, and have not much sympathy with his misfortunes. For all that, his was a strange career, with very remarkable phases in it, and Mr. Makower's book makes the most of them.

## Poets and Money.

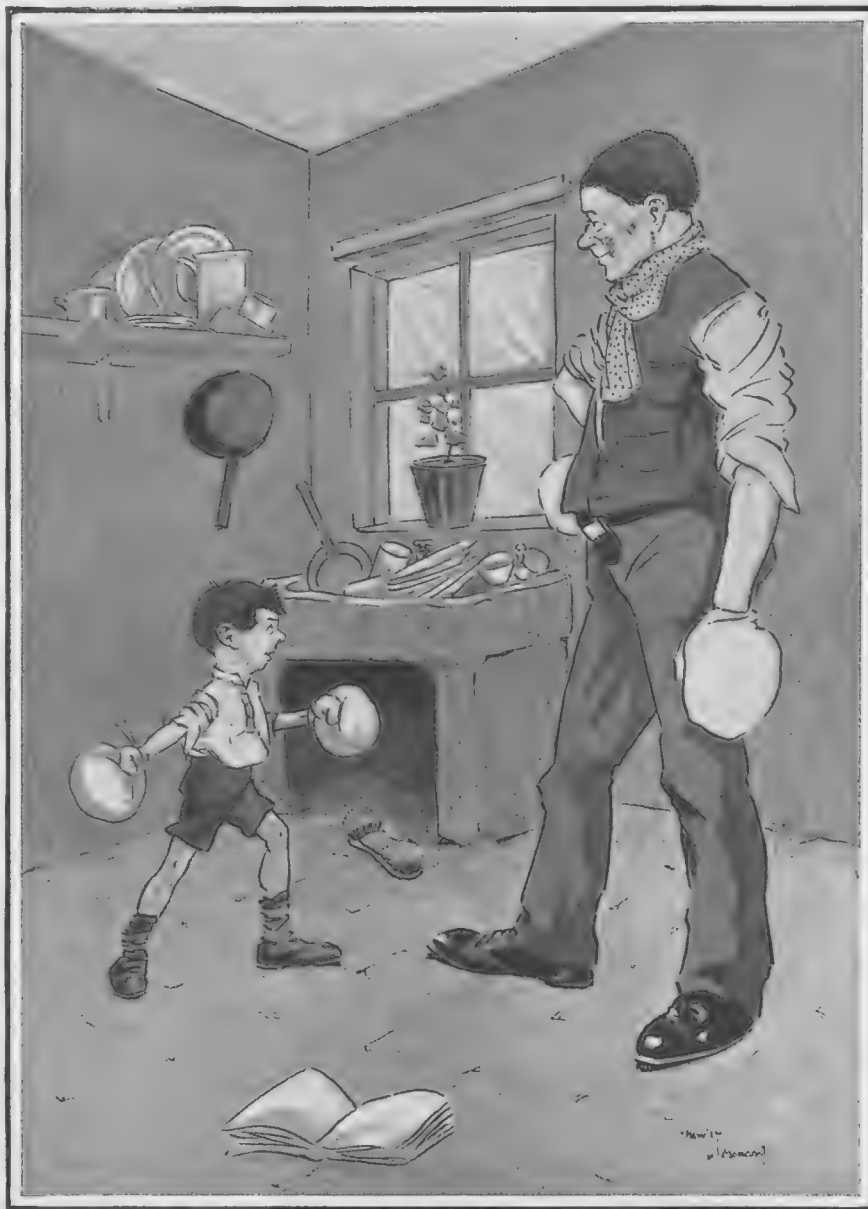
The lamentable death of Mr. John Davidson has called forth a letter to the *Times* by Mr. William Watson, in which he compares this country most unfavourably with others in its treatment of poets. I wonder if he is quite fair. We are less artistic and worse educated than some other countries, and therefore poets—and other writers too—do not get the same appreciation: that is to say, inferior writers are more successful than their betters. But that is a fault of taste and judgment, not of generosity. After all, Mr. Davidson's claims were recognised by the State: many a greater poet, in other countries as well as this, has been ignored. It is the fault of human society as it is that the worthiest citizens are often the least well paid, but I do not know that England deserves the bad pre-eminence Mr. Watson assigns to it.

## The Best Kind of Talk- ing of- ad-venturers.

I have been reading also the book of one who is an adventurer in the old and good sense, Mr. Harry de Windt—"My Restless Life." It is, in a way, supplement-ary to his many books

of travel, giving us little matters of interest necessarily left out of them. (One he wisely gives us in the "decent obscurity" of Latin, as Gibbon says.) But it also gives us glimpses of his life in civilisation, and especially in England when he was a young man. I confess it is that part which most appealed to me. He lived a good deal in the joyous set whose doings, as adumbrated in the *Sporting Times*, I used to read of with admiration when I was at school—being some years younger than Mr. de Windt. Truly, as he says, young men about town in those days were livelier than their successors are. I fear they went the pace too rapidly, but there is no harm in the jolly stories Mr. de Windt tells of them. One of these, in which he and a friend, "made-up" by Clarkson, called on a friend in the country in the guise of house agents and, being betrayed by telegram, were arrested as burglars, is delightful.

N. O. I.



[DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.]

## AN IMPOSSIBLE RULE.

RETIRED PUGILIST (to his little son): Now, remember, Tommy, afore we start, that one of the first rules in boxing is—that you cannot hit below the belt.



THE DREAM OF THE DESPISED.



THE CABBY'S MILLENNIUM: THE DAYS OF THE AIR-CAB AND THE DEATH OF THE MOTOR VEHICLE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDLY.

## Two Novels in a Rutshell.

### THE TEMPTATION OF JOHN ARMFIELD.

By THOMAS COBB.

AS the dining-room clock struck ten, John Armfield rose from his chair before the fire, emptied his second glass of brandy-and-water since dinner, threw away the end of his cigarette, and began restlessly to pace the Turkey carpet.

His shabby tweed suit looked out of harmony with the handsome, substantial furniture; his form was emaciated, his pale face told its own tale of dissipation. Yet his conscience flickered, and there were even now moments when he yearned to slough off his vices and make a fresh start in life; other moments, more frequent, when he became obsessed by one vindictive idea.

John Armfield had fallen very low before he could bring himself to accept the grudging hospitality of his cousin Albert: had reached, in fact, the verge of starvation. Shelter, food, and drink were provided, but in return Albert compelled him to consume the dregs of insult and humiliation.

Albert Armfield was a rich man, a few years older than John, who would inherit a small entailed estate at his cousin's death. That was the haunting thought which John was endeavouring to get rid of to-night, as many previous nights.

Doubtless Albert's vile temper could be explained, if not excused, by the painful, lingering disease from which for some months he had suffered, which sooner or later must inevitably kill him. That was the point. He was bound to die before long; he was bound to endure extreme agony first. His active part in the world had been played out, and now he lingered solely to cause trouble and annoyance to everyone with whom he came into contact—to John Armfield above everybody else.

What was life worth to Albert? A question John had asked himself again and again. What could be more desirable than a gentle, painless end? And what could be so desirable for his cousin? It would once more put money in his purse; it would put a period to the present daily humiliation and upbraidings.

Sitting down again, replenishing his glass, lighting another of his endless cigarettes, John drummed the table with his shaky fingers, and once more fell into the temptation of recapitulating the details of such an operation. Nothing could be easier or safer. Everyone in the house must have heard Albert's threats of self-destruction.

He spent sixteen out of every twenty-four hours in his bedroom, where the large gas-stove was turned out at ten o'clock each evening. Above his bed was an electric-light, so that he could read during the wakeful hours of the night; but during the previous few weeks his doctor had come at eight o'clock to administer an injection of morphia, which invariably caused the invalid to sleep heavily until the morning. Albert now dispensed with the services of a nurse, thrusting upon John Armfield the necessary duties which he loathed.

Still, he performed them, only to meet with invective in return, until his heart became filled with bitter hatred, and he felt that he should not mind suffering himself if only it were possible to have vengeance on Albert. But he knew that he would not be called upon to suffer; on the contrary, he stood certainly to gain, whereas nothing could conceivably be kinder to Albert than the oblivion of death.

John had thought it all out many a night as he sat in the dining-room after the rest of the household had gone to bed. Nothing could be simpler. He had only to go to Albert's room; to make certain that the window was shut and the heavy curtains were drawn, then to turn on the tap of the gas-stove. The room was a small one, and there could be no doubt that before morning Albert would have ceased to breathe. Nor was it likely that anyone would question that he had wrought his own destruction.

During to-day Albert had made himself especially obnoxious, with the result that John had drunk more deeply than usual this evening, until his shrivelling conscience became inactive. Why should he not carry out his long-thought-of plan to-night? Why should he continue to endure his present miserable degradation, when a single act would end it?

The clock struck eleven, and downstairs he heard the shutting of doors and the shooting of bolts. A little later he knew that the servants who comprised the small household had gone to their rooms. He rolled another and another cigarette as the fire burned low, he mixed himself a stiffer glass of brandy-and-water, and his mind was fixed closely on the one idea. The room grew chill, and John shuddered in his chair. The clock struck midnight, and he rose, steadying himself with a hand on the dining-room table.

Switching off the light, he went out into the hall, and with

difficulty groped his way up the stairs. Reaching the second landing, he came to a standstill, trying to think more clearly. His own room lay on his right hand, Albert's on his left. Pulling himself together, John Armfield turned to the left in the darkness, stooping low and groping his way stealthily along the thickly carpeted corridor.

The sun was shining brightly across John Armfield's bed when he opened his eyes at eight o'clock the following morning. His worn jacket lay on the floor in the middle of the room, but for the rest he lay beneath a down quilt with his clothes on. The blind had not been drawn down, and his eyes turned to the blue sky. Suddenly he sat up, pressing his hands against his head. His white face wore an expression of acute horror. He made a great effort to collect his bemused senses, but at first could not succeed in distinguishing his recent dreams from reality.

Little by little he seemed to become capable of piecing together the incidents of the preceding night. He remembered going to Albert as he lay reading in bed just before dinner, rendering him some customary services, and being bitterly upbraided for his pains. Albert had a ready tongue, and enjoyed nothing better than witnessing the writhings of his cousin.

Then John had gone down to his solitary dinner, eating scarcely anything, but drinking a great deal of brandy as he nursed his hatred against Albert. And when dinner was ended and the table had been cleared, he remembered sitting before the fire thinking over and over again on the easiness of revenge.

He seemed to hear once more the locking-up of the house, he recollected stumbling upstairs, stopping in the corridor as if in hesitation whether to turn towards Albert's room or his own. Even to this point his memory was hazy, and for the rest he could not satisfy himself how closely his dreams mingled with actual facts. He was still sitting up, with the gaudy down quilt over his legs, his hands claspng his aching head, the sunlight making his eyes blink.

He had gone along the corridor, it appeared, to Albert's room; he had quietly turned the handle, entered, and stood in the darkness, listening to the stertorous breathing of his invisible cousin. Then, surely, he had groped his stumbling way to the gas-stove and turned on the tap, hastening out of the room, taking care to shut the door securely after him.

A neighbouring church clock struck a quarter past eight, and it seemed that the chime awakened some better emotion in John Armfield. In God's name, what had he done? Throwing aside the coverlet, he sprang off the bed, standing in the middle of the room, accusing himself of murder. Sinking back into a chair, he sat gazing blankly in front of him, as if he saw his cousin's lifeless form lying on the bed in the other room.

Presently, John perceived a ray of hope. He passed a hand several times across his brow. Could it be possible that he had dreamed the worst part of his actions? He knew that he had gone to Albert's door! And surely he had entered the room! He seemed again to hear his cousin's heavy breath. Yet there was a haziness about the memory which barely afforded room for hope. Try to concentrate his thoughts as he might, John could not distinguish yet between the dream and the reality; but, rising impulsively, he walked towards the door.

With a hand on the knob, he paused. In the ordinary course of things, Albert's breakfast would be taken up at half-past eight—ten minutes longer. If he were dead, it would be better to allow someone else to make the discovery. John stood holding the door-handle, and determined to stay until the servant entered the room. Never had seconds passed so slowly; and after waiting what seemed a long time, only a minute out of the ten had gone by, and sometimes breakfast was unpunctual.

John Armfield knew that his whole future life depended on the upshot. Just as a severe shock has been known to restore to the deaf the power of hearing, so John's present ordeal seemed to reawaken the ability to live cleanly—if only it were not too late. Although no words came from his lips, his being was one fervent aspiration to higher things. Suddenly, as he stood counting the seconds, he felt conscious of the possibility of beginning again; he would go forth as empty as he had come, putting temptation behind him; he would work out his own salvation.

But if what he still tried to hope might be a dream proved a reality then it would be too late; he could not live under the burden of this fresh guilt, and the sooner he drank himself to death the better. Five minutes had at last passed, and then, turning

[Continued overleaf.]



FOR BETTER, OR FOR WORSE?



LADY (*engaging servant, whose name is Ophelia, and making excuse to call her something else*): I always call my servants by their surnames, and prefer to do so in your case. Er—what is it?

SERVANT: Slapcabbage, 'm.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

the handle, John opened his bedroom door. Putting forth his head, he drew it back the next instant, and leaning against the door, buried his face in his arm, as he had often done during his school-days. He thought that he smelled gas.

Unable to control his impatience during the few remaining minutes, he opened the door again and went into the corridor. Was it merely his excited fancy, or was it gas he smelled? His legs seemed still unwilling to obey his wishes, and he staggered as he made his way towards Albert's door. There he waited, afraid to enter the room. Another second and he should discover whether in last night's drunken condition he had carried out his direful purpose, or whether the growing idea that he had stumbled and fallen, picked himself up again and with difficulty reached his own room, was warranted; and that he had merely seemed to live out the sequel in his dreams.

As he stood hesitating by Albert's door he was disturbed by the sound of clattering plates in the corridor, and, turning, John saw approaching an elderly servant, carrying the breakfast-tray. Afraid of arousing her suspicion, he now turned the handle, and entered

the room, with his heart in his mouth. The next instant, uttering a low cry, he fell on his knees beside Albert's bed, his face buried in his hands, his emaciated body shaken by sobs. As the woman came in with the tray Albert opened his eyes, and, observing John by his bedside, sat up in astonishment.

"What the devil are you grovelling and snivelling there for?" he exclaimed; but John found his feet without a word, and, hastening from the room, returned to his own; stooped to pick up his jacket from the floor, thrust his arms into its sleeves, and made his way downstairs. He had not a shilling in his possession; he could hear the urn hissing invitingly through the open dining-room door, and could savour the odour of bacon; but, taking his limp-brimmed felt hat from a peg in the hall, his oak stick from the stand, John Armfield unfastened the chain, shot back the bolts, and let himself out of the house.

The sun shone full upon him as he stood on the step, and he drew a deep breath; he looked to the right and left as if hesitating which way to turn. But it did not matter, and he set forth steadfastly, determined to keep his face towards the light.

## THE RED KING.

BY ALBERT DORRINGTON.

TO acquire suddenly two thousand acres of forest land, and to see it sprawling darkly east and west, is certainly a new experience. Like most Australian selectors, I had been bitten by the desire to own a patch of the Dorriggo tablelands, where the cedar and white mahogany reserves awaited the pioneer's axe and saw.

The New South Wales Lands Department had granted my application, and the title-deeds guaranteeing immunity from free selectors and timber "hawks" were safely stowed away in my bag. My partner in the venture was an eighteen-stone German named Blitz, a city-bred man who yearned for the open life and a comfortable homestead on the breezy altitudes of the famous Dorriggo reserves.

The land had cost us about sixpence per acre, and we were confident that the timber alone would return us more than treble the amount. Our first business was to clear the forest and build a homestead. At that time my knowledge of forest timbers was superficial and scanty, and as I leaned against the dray and gazed at the regiments of giant gums and woolly butts that reared skyward in sullen grandeur, my heart fell and my brow grew moist at the thought of the Herculean task ahead.

We had neglected to bring a tent, and as the sun was already low, my German companion hinted at the possibility of our passing the night in the open forest. I responded by making a big gum-wood fire that lit up the darkening jungle, and put courage into the city man's heart. Unloading our effects from the dray, we hobbled the two horses and cooked our first meal in the quiet hush of the Australian night.

To me the situation was delightful. Far up in the velvet night the silver-limbed gum-trees reared their heads; pendulous creepers swung from the interlaced foliage above; the fire-glow illumined myriads of giant ferns around us—ferns so delicate in texture and design that one might have mistaken them for the most exquisite patterns of the embroiderer's art.

But my German friend saw none of it. He filled the evening with stories of death-adders and nine-inch centipedes, of the deadly black spider that kills men in the chill dawn. I proved to him that no Australian bush reptile ever attacked man between the months of August and September. I also explained that the bite of the black spider was not so deadly as many of the germ-infected bedrooms of the Sydney and Melbourne boarding-houses.

There was little fear of blacks on the Dorriggo tablelands; the only sound we heard was the thump, thump of the rock wallabies and the mournful fluting of a dingo pack in the ranges.

We slept undisturbed, and awoke in the biting dawn, our clothes steaming with dew, and, in spite of the fire, our hands and feet in a peculiarly numbed state.

"Dis babe-in-der-wood business vas alride for some people," growled Blitz. "I shall feel brighter and petter ven I haf a roof over mein head."

A billy of tea and some damper cheered us wonderfully, and the Teuton afterwards confessed that a night in the open forest was not so unpleasant as eight hours spent in the wet, windy streets of a city. But my heart fell again at sight of the Titanic trees around us—monstrous woolly butts and cedars, with the girth measurements of an ordinary schooner. There were no small trees: every red-gum was a giant, every bloodwood a mastodon of its kind, for had not the rich loamy soil nourished them through unbroken centuries, until their great limbs blotted out the sun and stars?

Our axes were brand-new and razor-edged, and as I strode towards the first doomed monarch my heart fell like a stone within me. The German regarded his own axe thoughtfully, and then looked at the sky.

"We must kill one for a start," I said huskily. "We must blood ourselves to the business, and the rest will be easy."

"As killin' men and women," broke in Blitz, who also loved big trees.

But there was no help for it—the trees must come down to make way for the settler. For a moment or two I cast about until my eye fell upon a giant red-gum, that stood apart from its fellows. From hip to crest it dominated the forest; the earth at its foot had been drawn into a high mound where the great roots had sucked and squeezed for moisture in the years of fire and drought.

I began, in true bush fashion, by scarfing the monster's hip—that is to say, stripping it of bark until the axe was allowed clear play at the wood inside. Nothing clogs and blunts an axe like the outer lining of beefy bark. The art of "throwing" trees has been highly developed among Australian bushmen. Without using wedges or lifts the axeman will fell a forest giant within a foot of a given spot. Of course, everything depends on the way a tree is cut. If it has a slight lean and there is a high wind blowing it is very difficult to fell it in an opposite direction.

A professional timber-getter usually stands about two feet from the bole, and allows his axe to fall into the wood with an easy stroke that neither clogs nor jars the muscles of the arms. The amateur woodman slogs and throws his weight with each stroke, and in nine cases out of ten the wood pinches the axe-blade, holding it grimly until it has to be wrenched away again and again.

A light down-stroke, followed by a smart under-chop, will fling out a chip as big as your hand. Hitherto my experience as a woodman has been confined to trees of small girth. I had never encountered the true forest king with the bulging waist and the girth of a battle-ship. However, I had chopped a gaunt cavern into the giant's heart before the sun showed on the rim of the forest. Sweat streamed from my face and throat; the axe-handle grew moist and slippery where my blistered hands gripped. The gap in the monarch's side grew wider; blood oozed down the bole until it ran in a throbbing stream around my feet.

"It—it vas horrible!" choked Blitz. "Let us leaf der red-gums alone. Let us try der turpentine-trees or d-r belars; dey haf no blood in dem."

But the Red King had to come down; he stood on the site chosen for our future homestead. By way of respite, however, I walked round to the eastern side of the monarch's hip and started to back-cut towards the centre.

Hitherto there had been no sound of protest from the Red King; its wet leaves flashed in the brindling sunlight, the faint morning breeze stole over its many-bosomed crests, and its huge, inanimate bulk seemed to sigh tenderly in response. But as the axe bit and cleaved into the heart-line I began to detect a faint pulsing throb that seemed to come from its very roots. At each stroke of the axe the throbbing grew louder, as though an artery had been severed. I paused, white-lipped, panting near the bole, and listened. Surely no human voice ever uttered a more despairing note of protest. To me it sounded like the stammering of a wounded child.

Far away, almost on the edge of the plateau, I saw my German friend—he had run away! Still, we had to build our home, I argued mentally. The trees must go.

I returned to my work, and the first few strokes produced the desired result. A deadly hiccup, followed by a sharp belching sound, leaped from its roots. A terrible fear seized me as I glanced up at the slanting, toppling crest; a desire to run overcame me until I recalled the words of an old Queensland bushman: "When a tree's falling, sonny, don't run, for it'll ketch you, sure as eggs—it'll ketch you if you run like an express. Stick to yer bole."

I stuck to the bole as the forest leviathan roared past my shoulder and fell thundering to the earth. Sand and stones were hurled in a blinding shower about me.

"Murderer!" said a voice at my elbow.

I felt like one as I gazed at the red hip of the severed king.

THE END.



# WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE Marquess of Winchester in visiting South Africa goes to the scene of his brother's death, for the fifteenth Marquess was mortally wounded at Magersfontein. The Marchioness, having little desire to explore a rather dreary, and very hot, continent, will accompany her husband only as far as Cape Town, but Lord Winchester's reasons for wishing to travel in Rhodesia were sufficiently strong to lead him to resign the chairmanship of the Hampshire County Council. The Paulets have taken a fighting part in history, and the Marquess who stands highest in the estimation of his descendants is, perhaps, the Englishman who so strenuously defended his Home in the interests of Charles I. Lord Winchester has himself served in the Army, and in his cousin and heir, Captain Charles Paulet, may be found another repetition of the family's military traditions. No wonder a "Winchester" rifle shoots so often and so straight.

## The Vanderbilt Greys.

So many of Mr. Vanderbilt's friends told him that he would tire of his Brighton journeys before last season's bookings had been worked off that he was almost bound to put their wisdom to the blush, and his teams upon the road this year. Mr. Vanderbilt feels very strongly the "invitation to the road," and with reason. He says he has made more good friends during three months' driving than he would in three years at his club; and besides his acquaintances of the box-seat must be reckoned all those more spiritual and fleeting friendships that spring up between the wayfarer and the dweller on the roadside. From certain windows on the way, Mr. Vanderbilt receives and returns salutations that are as regular as



A FINE FIGURE-HEAD OF A FINE FIGURE OF A WOMAN: QUEEN CHARLOTTE, THE HEAD OF THE OLD "EXCELLENT," NOW AT WHALE ISLAND.

Photograph by Cribb.

the click-clack of the hoofs of his excellent greys. And who shall say that "Alfred G.'s" enthusiasm exceeds or equals that of Lord Shrewsbury, who ran the "Greyhound" coach from Buxton to Alton Towers for several seasons daily?

## The Open Road.

Quite another love for the road is Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's, who, good fellow though he be, must leave more enemies than friends in his track, as his motor, a menace to pedestrians no less than to itself, is everywhere known by its pace. Since Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's sister and brother-in-law were killed upon the road, she, at least, does not care for the game of speed, and to one who remembers the white face that surmounted the red dress she

wore as a compliment to the name of one of the early Vanderbilt cars, "The Red Devil," when it made its perilous curves round corners during some test journey, it would not have been surprising if she had relinquished her seat in racing cars for good.

## The Wailful Sweetness of the Violin.

Lady Palmer, who was summoned in haste to her husband's bedside just at the moment when it was hoped that the South of France had restored him to health, had to break many engagements in her anxious flight. Her place at the opera is vacant, and Herr Kubelik's violin must, so far as she is concerned, be silent for some time to come. That violin cost Lady Palmer a sum exactly midway between a thousand and two thousand guineas. As for the violinist, he declares that the instrument cost him nothing; but the donor persists he has paid for it many times over by the concord of sweet sounds.

## From the Gilded Prison.

By the law of the land, the new Sultan of Turkey might, upon assuming the sword of Osman, have Abdul Hamid put to death. His cognominal predecessor, Mahomet the Conqueror, made that all right, fratricide becoming a virtuous as well as expedient act. But Abdul did spare Reshad, and the latter is amiable enough to reciprocate, whatever the more advanced Young Turks might desire. He is not quite too old to enjoy the wonders of the world into which he is suddenly and sensationally brought. It is a marvellous story. Heir all these years to the throne, he has lived a prisoner closely guarded. Admittedly he was allowed to go to his farm, just beyond his palace-prison, but it was always under the closest surveillance. How the *Times*



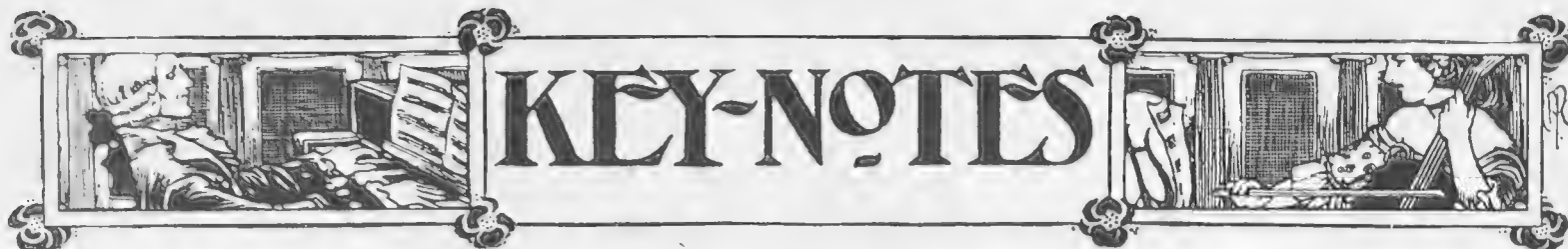
THE ADMIRALTY'S ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE TRIPPER: QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE TIME OF HER ACCESSION—A FIGURE-HEAD SET UP IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD BY THE AUTHORITIES. This is one of the two figure-heads placed in a prominent position in Portsmouth Dockyard by order of the authorities. Both were removed from old warships.

Photograph by S. Cribb.



THE ADMIRALTY'S ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE TRIPPER: KING WILLIAM IV. AT THE TIME OF HIS ACCESSION—A FIGURE-HEAD SET UP IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD BY THE AUTHORITIES. The figure-heads, which face one another, are painted as far as possible in natural colours. They are designed to attract the attention of the summer tripper.

Photograph by S. Cribb.



**The Opera-Season.** London forgot that the month was April last Monday week, and filled Covent Garden to hear "Samson et Dalila" as though the season had been in full swing. The reception given to the opera was worthy the trouble expended upon its production and the fine singing of Mme. Kirkby Lunn in the leading rôle. But it was impossible to help feeling a little sorry for all concerned, for it must have been clear to a very large part of the audience that Dr. Saint-Saëns' opera is no longer in its prime, and does not possess the properties that make for a ripe old age. Operas are like human beings. Some reach man's estate, others achieve a robust manhood and die suddenly, when they seem to be in their prime. To very few a ripe and vigorous old age is granted. It was almost pathetic to see Dr. Saint-Saëns come forward at the end of the opera to acknowledge the applause he earned more than a quarter of a century ago. In those years the opera would have sounded very fresh and virile; to-day we have learned to associate it with the concert platform, its beauties have been done to death, the parts that are least familiar are least attractive, and music's conventions have developed or changed. M. Fontaine, who sang the part of Samson, seemed but an indifferent tenor, while Mme. Kirkby Lunn's performance was in every way worthy of her great reputation. She sang magnificently, and with a fine sense of the dramatic significance of every line; her actions were dignified, and she seemed to grasp the composer's ultimate intentions. The authorities have mounted the opera most generously, and for a season or two it should enjoy a *succès de curiosité*.



A WELL-KNOWN SOPRANO: MME. MARIE BÉRAL, WHO IS TO APPEAR AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mme. Marie Béal, who has come very rapidly to the front, was born in Paris twenty-three years ago, and studied there under Mlle. Elwall and M. Duvernoy. She has sung at the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels, and has been engaged to sing at Covent Garden in Gluck's "Armide" and Laparra's "La Habañera."

Photograph by Reutlinger.

**Other Revivals.** It is late in the day to say anything about "Faust," so one may be content to congratulate Mme. Edvina upon the immense improvement in her rendering of the part of Marguerite. When she appeared last year, the beauty of her voice and the intelligence of her acting were quite remarkable, but since then her voice seems to have grown younger and more fresh, her conception of the part simpler and more tender; there were moments when she held the house enthralled with little assistance from Faust, who must be pronounced a failure. M. Marcoux has improved greatly both as singer and actor; his Mephistopheles took rank with Mme. Edvina's Marguerite. M. Frigara, who conducted both "Samson et Dalila" and "Faust," is an acquisition to Covent Garden. He helps the singers and keeps the players of the brass in check—*emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*. "Madame Butterfly" brought Signor Campanini back to the conductor's desk and Mme. Destinn to the stage, and neither of these great interpreters of music could have been more welcomed. Campanini's direction of the orchestra is masterly as of yore; there is no shade in a composer's changing moods that escapes his watchful eye and sympathetic hand. Of Mme. Destinn's Butterfly praise is superfluous; as singer and actress, the part is her own—we remember without surprise that it moved Puccini himself to tears. Sammarco made a welcome reappearance in the small part of the American Consul; but the new tenor, Signor Leliva, had

not found the measure of the house, and only by dint of a great effort that was not always pleasing could he rise above the orchestra. It would not be fair to pass a final judgment upon him until he has been heard in another rôle.

**Endowment Fund  
Concert at the  
Queen's Hall.**

At the close of the brilliant season that started in August last with the Promenade Concerts, the Queen's Hall Orchestra gave a concert last week under Mr. Henry Wood's direction in support of a very worthy object—their own Endowment Fund. This Fund was started three years ago to help members of the orchestra who meet with sudden trouble or are compelled by the pressure of advancing years to retire from the more active pursuit of their profession. All music-loving Londoners, and many in the leading provincial cities, are indebted to Mr. Henry Wood's fine orchestra for many delightful hours, and the fund should never lack adequate support. The concert itself was of great length and brilliance. Lady Speyer played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in a fashion that helped the audience to forget that the work has become hackneyed through misuse. Another soloist was Miss Muriel Foster, whose appearance upon the concert platform has been so rare since her marriage. For the orchestral numbers, Mr. Wood relied upon some of the most popular pieces in the extensive repertory of his orchestra, and their treatment seemed to emphasise the reasons why the Queen's Hall Orchestra is so popular. The most modern note was supplied by Debussy, whose work owes not a little of its popularity in this country to the performances at Queen's Hall. Tchaikovsky's "1812" Overture, Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, and works by Elgar and Grieg were also included, and the only complaint heard was that Mr. Wood had given his supporters more than their money's worth.

**Other Recitals.** At a time when good concerts are

as the sands upon the seashore for multitude, while the day persists in confining its activity to twenty-four short hours, it is impossible to keep properly in touch with all that is being accomplished. But two concerts call for notice, however brief. Miss Sunderland and Mr. Thistleton have given the first of a series of three concerts of old chamber music. They are singularly sincere and accomplished artists; they are assisted by players who enter as thoroughly as they do into the spirit of the work interpreted, and it may be said with confidence that no programmes offered to the public are more thoughtfully chosen, more conscientiously and skilfully interpreted, or more deserving of generous support. The other concert referred to was given by Mlle. Jolanda Merö, the young Hungarian pianist. She is undoubtedly one of the best of the past year's newcomers, a great interpreter who does not rely too much upon a big volume of tone, and devotes a remarkable technique to the service of the work rendered, without making those constant appeals to the gallery that are the besetting sin of inferior performers. She was assisted by the London Symphony Orchestra, whose programme was hardly a cheerful one. COMMON CHORD.

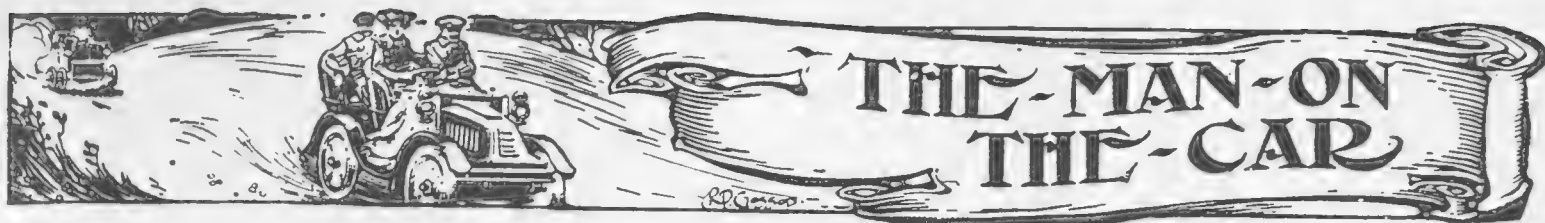


MISS KATHERINE RUTH HEYMAN, WHO GAVE A PIANOFORTE RECITAL AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL LAST THURSDAY.

It will be remembered that Miss Heyman appeared recently with success at an orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall.

From a Drawing by Behrens-Romberg.





### Liquid Drives. An American Find!

Some of our American friends are "a heap struck" by a novel form of variable speed transmission, in which the drive is transmitted by means of oil or other suitable fluid. From the vague description vouchsafed in a Transatlantic journal, which appears to imagine it has dropped upon something entirely novel, I feel sure that the apparatus is very much, if not altogether, upon the lines of Hall's hydraulic gear, of which such high hopes were held ten years or so ago. The hydraulic transmission of power is a delightful idea, but there have always occurred two or three little drawbacks which have more or less nonplussed the expert. Those are the heating of the fluid and the difficulty of preventing leakage. The Pitler hydraulic gear or drive, the production of the inventor of the Pitler lathe, was very much in the air a while since, but little has been heard of it lately.

### Cars One Would Like to See Again.

In recalling many of the gallant old vehicles which in the beginning of things bore the burden and heat of the day and did so much to prove the practicableness of automobilism, one is fain to remember many of the cars which figured in the never-to-be-forgotten 1000 Miles Trial, promoted by the Automobile Club (it had no regal prefix in those days) in 1900. Amongst these was the first 10-h.p. Napier, which was driven so hard by Mr. S. F. Edge against the Hon. Charles S. Rolls' Panhard; then Mr. Siddeley's "Parisian" Daimler, built at Coventry; and Mr. Frank Butler's white 7-h.p. Panhard, for which a fearsome sum of money was paid, and which cost a fortune to put through the trial. It would be pleasant again to encounter the wonderful little 3½-h.p. air-cooled New Orleans, a mere baby car, which was driven by and carried that somewhat weighty gentleman, Mr. Askell, with a boy, most successfully throughout the tour. Then there was the little Décauville, with all its engine and gear exposed at the rear, driven by an old, famous road-riding cyclist, Jules Dubois, to say nothing of Simms' Motor Wheel, which turned turtle in Bath; Dr. Lehweß' "Vallee" shoe car, and others which escape me at the moment. France, of course, could send some extremely interesting vehicles.

### The Fate of Relics.

Much interest is felt in the museum of pioneer autocars which the committee to which I referred lately are collecting for exhibition at the White City. If one allows one's thoughts to wander backwards to and from the year of grace 1896, when self-propelled carriages were made free of the highways of this

progressive country—at the blood-curdling maximum speed of twelve miles per hour—one can recall the many quaint vehicles which have done their share for the movement, and which one would like to see honoured by selection for this exhibition. But many cars which have earned a right to this distinction have, I fear, gone the way of the scrap-heap, or have been so modified and translated that they are now no longer recognisable.

Some, indeed, have sunk so low as to become vans; others have had their engines reft from them and installed in boats; while a four-cylinder motor which once urged a car across England before Emancipation Day now hoists water for beasts in a Wiltshire farmyard.

### The Irish Reliability Trial.

Given decent weather, which occasionally obtains in Ireland, the week devoted to the Irish Reliability Trial should prove a pleasant outing for all concerned. In no country are strangers made to feel that they are so wholly and entirely welcome, and that their presence at the particular function on hand is the one and only thing required for success. I am sure that those of the hated Saxons who go as competitors or visitors will take the week as a holiday, and put business considerations as far from them as possible. Nevertheless, the technical part of the trials is carried out in a very thorough manner by the able executive, who leave no stone unturned to post the total results of the day's trip as fast as the cars come in. By these means the cumulative outcome of the trial is known day by day, interest is maintained, and a spirit of competition pervades the whole undertaking. Those who have once assisted at the Irish Reliability Trial are very keen to repeat the dose.

### Highways and Byways, Particularly Byways.

When taking a motor drive for pleasure and the air, there is no necessity, nor, indeed, much sense, in sticking to the main roads leading out of London, or issuing from any big centre. Speed, again, is not incumbent under such circumstances, and therefore the opportunity of exploring cross-roads and alternative parallel routes to main roads should be taken. There are many secondary roads which can be followed with profit when police traps are abroad, by a little careful study of the inch-to-the-mile Ordnance Survey, which has now been brought up to date in quite a

wonderful way. Ten, fifteen, or even twenty miles more is of no consequence to a motorist, and it is this disregard of distance which will serve to take him by unexplored byways and away from those stretches of the road which the police in their wisdom esteem dangerous.



FITTED WITH A SPECIAL WEATHER-PROOF HOOD FOR TOURING:  
A 14-16-H.P. 4-CYLINDER STRAKER-SQUIRE.



ON HIS 12-H.P. ADLER: MR. R. TRISTRAM HARPER.

This car was delivered recently to Mr. R. Tristram Harper, of Church Hill House, Merstham, by Messrs Morgan and Co., Ltd.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

## Future Events.

It is acknowledged in many circles that ante-post betting is a thing of the past; yet the Continental list men continue to advertise their offers. Although the entries for the Royal Hunt Cup are not yet due, Land League is on offer at 25 to 1, while other prices are 33 to 1 Kaffir Chief, Poor Boy, Raeberry, Sir Archibald. I think Poor Boy and Raeberry, if not too harshly treated, will go close, but there are others; and I suggest that speculators should at least wait until the handicap is made before putting money on any horse. For the Stewards' Cup the offers are 33 to 1 Battle Axe and Jack Snipe. The last-named is one of our best sprinters, but Battle Axe has a wind infirmity, and may be anything for all we know. To go further, Santo Strato is favourite, at 50 to 1, for the Cesarewitch, although the race is not run until Oct. 13. Again, for the Cambridgeshire 50 to 1 is offered against Land League, and the same price against Succour. The first-named is very likely to run well in the race, but I should wait to see the weights before taking any price whatever about his chance; and I think it is all 2000 to 1, the odds offered, against picking the winners of the double event before the entries have been published.

## White Eagle's Victory.

It is very seldom one hears of winners nowadays being picked out long before the day of the race. But often we find that the winner of a big handicap had not been mentioned in the quotations before the day of the race. Take the case of White Eagle and the City and Suburban. Up to the Wednesday long odds might have been obtained against Colonel Hall Walker's horse. Yet directly business opened on that day he came with quite a rush, and was backed better than anything. The mention of Mr. Hall Walker's name reminds me that Minoru, who was leased from him by the King, is very likely to win the Derby, as he simply ran away with the Two Thousand Guineas.

## Summer Chasing.

It is nearly fifty years since I mentioned in *The Sketch* that an idea had been mooted to run steeplechase meetings during the summer months on the Windsor course. The idea fell to the ground, but I am of opinion that racing under National Hunt Rules could be successfully carried on the year round in this country, just as they do in France. Indeed, more than ten meetings are set to take place on the last day of May under National Hunt Rules, while a meeting takes place at Southwell on June 7 and another at Newton Abbot on Aug. 2. Then follow Exeter on Aug. 25, Plymouth on Sept. 1, Totnes on Sept. 3, Shirley on Sept. 6, Wye and Dunstall on Sept. 27, and so on. If an enclosure close to the

River Thames were kept well watered, the going could be kept good the year round, and I am surprised the National Hunt Committee do not move in the matter. True, there is the argument of training operations to be met; but jumpers do most of their work at home on the flat, and in that respect they would be no worse off than the two-year-olds that run under Jockey Club Rules. What is possible at Baden-Baden and Paris should be easy to do in some parts of England. If jumping were to be seen in the summer, the gates would be immense, as many ladies and gentlemen prefer National Hunt racing to that carried on under the Rules of Racing. If the suggestion were put into practice, it would be a big lift up for the professional steeplechase jockeys, who are often bound to keep holiday in the winter, sometimes for a month at a stretch, owing to frost and snow. Further, it would elevate the winter pastime to the level of the sport regulated by the Jockey Club.

## Place-Money.

A favourite form of speculation with little men is win and place; but often they are done out of their money by horses being pulled up on the post that are not good enough to win, but might easily finish in the first three if they were ridden out. I think the Stewards of the Jockey Club should insist upon owners showing their hands before the race by declaring whether or not their horses are to be ridden out for a place. It is, I claim, the duty of those in authority to fall into line with the altered conditions of racing—in other words, to face the facts. Every day we see the cheap rings crowded, while the attendances in the higher-priced enclosures are becoming gradually less and less. The occupiers of the half-crown enclosures go in heavily for place-betting, and there is no legitimate reason why they should not be given a fair run for their money. Further, the pulling-up of horses on the post is not fair to students of the guide-books or to the handicappers. How often do we read that "So-and-So, who eased at the last moment, was undoubtedly second best," and we see in our guide-books the bare statement that he finished, say, ninth of fifteen. I have always contended that the starter at one end of the race and the judge at the other should compile a few items dealing with the start and finish of races for the special benefit of the handicappers. If this were done we should find form working out all right, and instead of owning tasty motor-cars the bookmakers would then have to accompany the backers in their walks to and from the course.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



SEEN NEITHER AT RANELAGH NOR HURLINGHAM:  
A GILGIT POLO-PLAYER.



THE CHINESE SPORTSMAN—NEW STYLE: THREE NATIVES OF HANKOW, TAKEN  
AFTER A DAY'S SPORT BY A NATIVE PHOTOGRAPHER.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Woman in the Days of Cicero.**

If it be true—as M. Anatole France assures us—that Cicero was “a Moderate of the most violent description,” it is still impossible to judge, even after perusing Mr. Warde Fowler’s “Social Life at Rome,” what was the precise attitude of the great orator towards his female contemporaries. There is a baffling reticence about the female sex in the letters and lives of the great Romans, and there was no doubt something Oriental, or at any rate Greek, in their relations with women. Up to the last days of the Republic the Roman Materfamilias was expected to be as dull, as trustworthy, as industrious, and as inarticulate as the mid-Victorian British matron: to have, even in the highest circles, only the virtues and qualities which we moderns look for in a housekeeper and head-nurse. Naturally enough, under these prosaic home surroundings, men went out to talk and amuse themselves elsewhere. There was no lack of charming and witty Lesbias to draw both the clever men and the gilded youth of the town around them; but a society can never be on a sound foundation where all the dullness is to be found “on the side of the angels.” It is the special triumph of our

modern civilisation that it has produced a wife who is capable of interesting and amusing her husband, and even of competing with feminine free-lances in grace and charm. The Romans, like the Asiatic of to-day, had no conception of such a personality.

**Why Female Poets are Scarce.**

Carpers at the Feminist movement are often found complaining of the scarcity of female poets; but the reason, after all, is not far to seek. Man, the Idealist, is content to starve, so long as he can express himself in rhythmic numbers; but Woman, who is essentially practical, seeks for some more remunerative return for what talent she may possess. Her instinct for the preservation of the race precludes her from immolating herself on the altar of Poetry. There have been Joans of Arc and Queen Elizabeths, Florence Nightingales and Elizabeth Frys, but there has never been a female Chatterton or John Davidson. Mr. William Watson

the poet cannot live on it or add to it by other literary work. Our few feminine singers have almost invariably been women who had not to earn their living. And seeing that the continuity of the race depends on the courage and devotion of the women-folk, it is a merciful dispensation of Providence that women do not hanker, in the face of every difficulty, after the wreath of bays.

**Justice for the Bachelor.**

The bachelor has been so drastically treated of late, so threatened with special taxes and held up to contumely in every quarter of the habitable globe, that it is interesting to hear that one of these unfortunates has lately distinguished himself by bequeathing a legacy to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Women. Who knows, indeed, if this amiable philanthropist did not choose to show his innate regard for the feminine sex by remaining in the single state? Who shall gauge, now that this especial bachelor has passed beyond, his personal form of chivalry towards the Fair? Of course, the legacy has been contested in a court of law, and counsel has distinguished himself by arguing that the testator, being a bachelor, “was more likely to be in favour of the protection of women than a married man would be.” This plea produced much laughter in court, and throws a lurid light on a marriage system which seems daily to become, so to speak, more and more a speculative undertaking. Who knows if the bachelors—and spinsters—of this world are not acting in a highly altruistic manner in not insisting on uniting themselves in holy wedlock with their contemporaries, in a time of upheaval and transition like the present? Future historians of social manners will alone be able to decide.

**Our Lamentable Lack of Words.**

It was a French cynic, if I remember, who declared that speech was given to humans in order to enable them to conceal their thoughts; but in the case of the modern English, we are in danger of betraying ourselves for lack of phrases. If the lower classes have notoriously only one adjective with which to adorn their arguments, the highest class, or at any rate the younger members of it, are said to be acquainted with but three words for general use—namely, “rot,” “rotter,” and “rotten.” The English language, to be sure, is capable of higher flights, but you are considered a “rotter” if you make use of more elaborate or pregnant prose. Then, again, many words which used to be employed by the best writers have become vulgar or unmodish. Of adjectives especially we are short, and we need a Flaubert to set to work and find us something terse and picturesque. We have no precise equivalent, for instance, to the French word *exquise*, which implies so much of charm, refinement (awful word!), and fragility. But our language can only be enriched for speaking purposes by some bold adventurer in the drawing-room and at the dinner-table, for literature does nothing for the current change of conversation.



[Copyright.]

A FASHIONABLE HAT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-About-Town” page.)



[Copyright.]

A WALKING-DRESS OF THE MOMENT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-About-Town” page.)

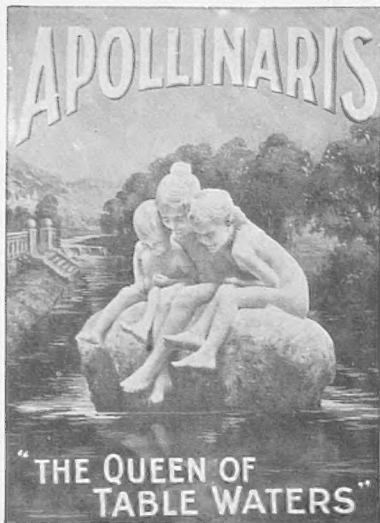
declares that we slaughter our singers, but no power can make the public buy what they do not want to read. Pensions are bestowed nowadays on poets of standing who happen to require them, and it is infinitely sad when, as in a recent case,



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

## London Pride.

This is the time when we take the greatest pride in our big city. It has its pretty spring clothes on, all so fresh and fair. Summer clothes mean dust and wear-and-tear to the grass and greenery; at the present we are at our very best. People are in good spirits, too, and feeling fresh and ready for the social fray. At the Opera on the opening night the brilliant audience was a pleasant augury. It was a headdress night rather than a tiara night, although some very beautiful jewels were worn. I noticed that something like the turban of our great-grandmothers is coming into favour again. In the stalls I saw the most complete specimen in a blue-satin-and-silver band, worn all round the head and finished with an elaborate bow above the brow. A royal lady wore a paradise osprey sweeping over the top of her coiffure from right to left, having at the right side a diamond spray. This same idea was followed next day by the Countess of Clanwilliam at her wedding; the feather was a long grey ostrich-plume, and the rosette of soft grey satin. As her hair is very pretty, sunshiny, and bright, the effect was excellent. Every day and every night brings along some interest with it now, all enjoyable. Soon the interests will be rather more than we can conveniently attend to.



APOLLO AND APOLLINARIS: THE GOD OF FINE ART INSPIRES AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Since Pears' Soap acquired "Bubbles," the fine arts have supplied many notable works for the sweet uses of advertisement. But no more charming or appropriate instance has occurred than the adoption by the Apollinaris Company, on their new placard of the famous group of statuary in the Hofgarten at Düsseldorf, known as the Märchenbrunnen. The children are watching a frog, whom they expect to turn into a fairy prince.

unique position of having her wedding presents equalled, if not exceeded, in number and beauty by those of her husband. As a rule, the bride has a long lead in this matter. Hosts of people like Lord Brooke, however, and showed themselves anxious to testify to their liking in a substantial way. The King and Queen sent autographed cards on their own specially crowned and monogrammed paper. The Prince and Princess of Wales did the same, while the Duchess of Albany's letter to the godson of her late husband was couched in terms of affection. The bride's gifts showed that she, too, has many friends. A presentation to her that was of special interest was a massive silver bowl and a flag from the State of Maryland, of which Sir William Eden's ancestor was the last Colonial Governor. Lady Brooke dresses very simply, but very artistically. She is tall and slender, and has a taste for artistic colours which suit her classical type of beauty. Her trousseau dresses include several linen frocks; one of strawberry linen is beautifully cut, the skirt quite plain. The bodice is fastened at the back with flat gold buttons; from it fall long ends of soft black satin, folded and caught on to the skirt with gold buttons. There is a touch of black in front, and a chemisette and collar of fine white embroidery and lace, with a dainty cravat of vieux-bleu satin. It is very smart.

## Coiffure and Costume.

There was a great audience at the Opera House for "Madame Butterfly" last week, and a wonderful welcome for that fine artist, Mlle. Destinn. The Princess of Wales was in the King's box, and with her Princess Alexander of Teck. So far there has been no tiara night, but jewels have been much worn. Lady Willoughby de Eresby had a broad fillet of diamonds in her hair; Lady Alastair Innes-Ker wore a diamond-headed comb. The Princess of Wales is very conservative about the way she does her hair, and her ornament was, as usual, of the tiara order—it was of diamonds and pearls. In every direction one saw hair-ornaments to suit picturesque styles of dress. The Parisian Diamond Company have done much to secure this harmony

of coiffure with costume, because they spare no pains to design the most charming things. They are still more to be blessed just now that pearls are to be worn in the hair; theirs are so perfect. I saw a headdress at the Opera of green leaves and balls of pearls hanging loosely from them that was lovely.

## Laundried Frocks.

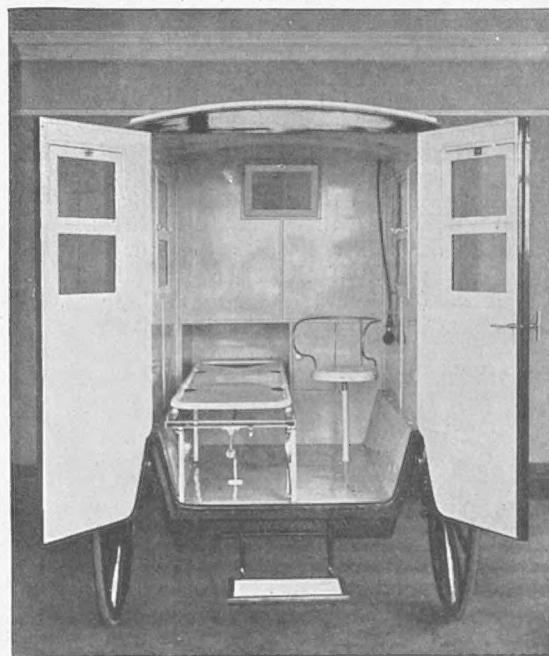
The idea that because frillies are out of fashion we are not to have washing-dresses this season is fallacious. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a charming dress that is destined for the weekly wash, and to turn up again fresh and smiling. It is of striped fabric, grey and black, and has an embroidered vest in similar colouring on ivory-white lawn. The chemisette and cuffs are of white tucked muslin. Anything neater and fresher and daintier would be difficult to find. The gown looks remarkably smart, too, in coloured washing material, the stripes two shades of blue or green or red.

## The Law and the Ladies.

and hats of more born American woman may—if the husbands of the ladies, not the plucky mover of the Bill, permit it to become law—at any time be summoned to withdraw her hatpins, or may be pounced upon to have her hat measured. Motor-traps are nothing to this; yet Americans boast that they are free people!

Spring has returned, and the charms of Hyde Park as viewed from the Alexandra Hotel can never be more fascinating. Here we overlook the Park, the Drive, and Rotten Row; truly the position is unique. The management of this hotel, which is now so pleasantly familiar throughout the world, anticipating a great influx of visitors this season, has recently carried out great improvements. The additional lounge, charmingly furnished without departing from homelike comfort, is now an attractive rendezvous, sure to be much appreciated.

A Senator of the United States hopes to pass a Bill through the Legislature making it illegal to wear hat-pins beyond a certain fixed length than a stipulated circumference. The free-



FIRST AID UP TO DATE: A SCIENTIFIC MODERN AMBULANCE.

It might be almost worth while being run over, to enjoy the luxury of a ride in the new ambulance designed by Messrs. J. and A. Carter, of 2, 4, and 6, New Cavendish Street, W., to the order of the Barnes Urban District Council. All the old jolting discomforts are removed by modern appliances: the interior, metal-lined and finished with enamel, is capable of proper disinfection and ventilation, and fitted with electric light and a speaking-tube between nurse and driver.—(Photograph by Walsham.)



"WHERE SWEETS COMPACTED LIE": A BOX OF EPPS'S CLEOPATRA CHOCOLATES.

It is on record that some alleged Egyptian mummy wheat, produced by opponents of evolution as evidence of the permanence of species, turned out on analysis to be chocolate. Without going so far as to say of Epps's excellent Cleopatra chocolates that "age cannot wither" them, we may at least admit that "custom cannot stale their infinite variety." More gratitude to the grateful, comforting one.

"Sanitas" Disinfectants are free from the reproach which attaches to some of their contemporaries—that they merely substitute one bad smell for another. In such cases, from an olfactory point of view, the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease. The various Sanitas preparations are especially useful in houses, hotels, hospitals, kennels, stables, factories, and farms; in fact, there is no one who could not find a beneficial use for Sanitas in one shape or another. An illustrated booklet may be obtained from the "Sanitas" Co., Ltd., Locksley Street, Limehouse, London, E.

The Sirdar Rubber Company, of 21, Crawford Street, are anxious to correct the rumour which has got abroad to the effect that they have advanced their prices 15 to 20 per cent. We are informed that this is not correct, but that they are allowing 10s. to £1 per cover off the price of a new cover in exchange.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 11.*

## THE MONEY MARKET AND THE BUDGET.

THE Bank Directors have not yet seen their way to reduce the rate, although the position is now very strong, and the reserve stands at £28,955,000, or about a million and three quarters more than a year ago; but probably with quiet times in the East and the Budget out of the way, we may see 2 per cent. as the official minimum before long.

Nobody expected the Budget to be a pleasant or popular one, but the number of unpleasant surprises it contained exceeded the expectations of most people. Had *Punch* been allowed a glimpse at the Chancellor's Budget before its last issue we have no doubt the giant in its clever cartoon would not have smelt the bones of "a plutocrat," but of the great and patient middle class, upon whom all the burden has fallen. Our contemporary the *Financial News* puts the City view of the matter very pithily when it says that under Mr. Lloyd George's proposals probably business will not be affected because there will be no time for "any other operations than making returns and collecting one another's taxes."

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

"How about your friend Lloyd George now!" cried a young dealer to his Radical friend. "A nice Budget, isn't it? Oh, a vewwy nice Budget." The broker turned round and said he could quite understand the jobber's feelings. "I'm awfully sorry for you, old man," he added. The jobber looked at him half suspiciously: "Sowwy for what?" The broker said he noticed that the jobber's income tax was to be one-and-eightpence in the pound. "What d'you mean?" demanded the mystified young man. "One-and-eight on all incomes over five thousand, isn't it?" replied the broker. And then the glare of hate, scorn, and contempt which shot from the jobber's eyes completely upset the broker's gravity.

What we want so badly is a heaven-born financier who will devise some cunning way in which large deficits may be bridged by methods that none of us will feel. And indeed, I think that many would welcome with delight a man more prosaically born if he left off tinkering with his penny on this and a halfpenny on the other, a rebate of seven-and-sixpence here and a bit more on the income-tax there—giving us, instead, a strong, plain, straightforward Budget, framed on such lines that all who run might read how each class manfully contributed to the upkeep of the nation. By all means, these graduations in taxation: they are most emphatically steps in the right direction. But to make one class feel sore, to throw the bulk of the burden so patently upon one particular set of shoulders—this does not appeal to the ordinary man as either sound or satisfactory finance. Mr. Lloyd George must try again, and do better next year.

Let's talk shop.

Selfridge's, they tell me, is going to be floated in Paris, with a moderate capital. Once upon a time, there was a very wealthy old gentleman who had, amongst other things, a very astute son—a solicitor. The son, casting around for methods whereby his father's estate could be made to evade Death Duties, hit upon the brilliant idea of forming the old gentleman into a limited company, of which the same old gentleman should be managing director, advisory committee, secretary, president, vice-president, and everything else. The son drew up the Articles of Association, distributed the shares, and they all rubbed their hands with glee at the prospect of outwitting the revenue. All went merrily as a marriage bell until the old man died. Then, and not till then, it was discovered that the Company had never been registered at Somerset House.

Ring down the curtain.

Let's talk shop.

Port of London "A" 3 per cent. stock at 87½, subject to stamp duty, is as cheap a security for the money as you will find. In due course application will be made to the Courts for permission to include it in the Trustee lists, after which the price should go at least to 91 or 92. Water "B" 3 per cent. stands at 94, and Port "A" is not far short of being as fine a security. Even supposing the Tariff Reformers upset London's trade by checking imports, Port "A" stock has so much at the back of it that its position could hardly be jeopardised. The "B" 4 per cent. stock is 102, and that looks cheap as well. It ranks after the "A" stock.

Central London stocks have been quietly rising upon the strength of Exhibitions to be held this summer and next at Shepherd's Bush; while the Budget duty on petrol, which knocked down the price of London General Omnibus stock, has had the effect of directing still further attention to the issues of the Twopenny Tube. There isn't much market in any of the three stocks—Preferred, Deferred, or Ordinary—but the 4 per cent. Preferred is reasonably cheap at 86, and might easily rise a few points. Another railway issue which I am told to buy, as a sheer spec., is Mexican North-Western hundred-dollar shares at 52. They are the sort of things which might readily go to 60 when once they started moving, but, of course, it may take a lot to move them in the first place.

Will 200 stop Unions? I doubt it, personally. The crowd working the shares are immensely strong, and if it suited their list to have Unions 220, there's not much to stop them.

In the rush for foreign Government varieties of the investment order, one is sorry to see Chinese 7 per cent. Silver bonds being put up. Now these stand about 91, and consequently look attractive until you happen to consider that drawings are, in course of progress at the exchange of the day. The redemption price, therefore, works out to something like 76, or thereabouts; so, if you buy a bond now, and get it paid off in a few months, bang goes £15! The risk isn't worth the taking.

Say what you like about the Kaffir Market, there's no getting away from the fact that the big houses are putting a lot of hard cash into the mines, and that they are bound to keep things going for their own sakes, if they want to induce the public to follow their own example, and put up more capital for the mines. All these finance schemes, amalgamations, and other arrangements for the big houses and their friends to feather their own nests call for the judicious outlay of much preliminary cash, and it's my belief the market is going to be kept good for at any rate some time to come. All sorts of tips are current. East Rand Centrals I am strongly advised to buy, on the strength of the Company being about to enter into some agreement or other with the Transvaal Coal Company. Johannesburg Gold Fields are another tip, the shares not having risen much, and standing at a comparatively low figure. I learn that the Anglo-French Exploration programme is to keep the dividend at a steady 10 per cent. on the Ordinary, until a substantial reserve fund is built up, and if this be correct—it comes, in point of fact, from the highest authority—then the shares won't be intrinsically worth more than a trifle over 2 for a bit. The Randfontein tip was given, I noticed, several times recently in *The Sketch*, and still the insiders are talking them much higher. Should sell half if I saw a good profit on them. Some of the people closely connected with the affairs of the Rhodesia Exploration are very bullish about the concern. They say that the

recent rise in Kaffirs and Rhodesians has done the Rhodesian Exploration a power of good, to which the price of the shares is sure to respond. The air, I tell you, is thick with advice. You are bidden to Buy this, Buy that, Buy the other. You are never told—except quite incidentally—to sell anything. Let me be in the fashion, and, as a parting tip, bid you farewell, because I am quite sure you will find that farewell is a very good-Bye. THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Our correspondent Q's comments on the *Ceylon Tea Plantations Company's* report and prospects are unavoidably held over till next week.

## THE INDUSTRIAL AND GENERAL TRUST, LIMITED.

The report of the *Industrial and General Trust* issued this week is by far the most satisfactory which has yet been published, and there will be some grumbling among the holders of the Ordinary stock that their dividend has been maintained at 7 per cent. On the other hand, it is clear that it is only a question of time before the dividend must be raised to 7½ or 8 per cent., and the directors are building up so strong a position that, in all ordinary circumstances, any falling-off in the rate of dividend is impossible. The amount carried to Reserve in the past year is £31,066 3s. 10d., while in the previous year £25,000 was added to this fund—a total in the two years of £56,066 3s. 10d. Of this, £20,933 14s. was derived from profits on realisation of securities, and this amount would in any case go to Reserve in the ordinary course; but the balance of £35,132 9s. 10d. was taken from Income, and is equivalent to nearly 5 per cent. on the Ordinary stock, so that if the whole income of the Trust had been divided, 9 per cent. could have been paid without difficulty for each of the past two years. A careful examination of the Company's holdings, which are given in full in the report, shows that the funds are invested with a nice regard to security of capital and a fair return of interest, and, so far as one can foresee, there must be a large increase of income in the next few years. It is, perhaps, a pity that a valuation of the assets is not given, beyond the statement that the capital and reserve fund of £312,500 are fully represented, for I have reason to believe that it would show an aggregate much in advance of the market valuation of the Company's stocks, and that the real value of the Ordinary stock is not less than £150—a quotation which is pretty sure to be reached in a year or two.

## SELANGOR RUBBER COMPANY.

This Company's annual report has been issued to shareholders and is likely to cause them lively satisfaction. The output of rubber in 1908 was 189,979 lb.; the average sale price was 4s. 4½d. per lb., and the net profit was £28,495 15s. 10d., out of which a dividend for the year of 75 per cent. is paid on the capital of £30,000, £1000 is allowed for depreciation, £3000 is placed to Reserve, and £2264 8s. 11d., is carried forward. The acreage tapped during the year was 832 acres, of which 233 acres were only lightly tapped for the first time. The acreage to be fully tapped this year is 926 acres, and the Directors estimate that the output for the present year should exceed 300,000 lb. As 74,149 lb. have been obtained in the first three months of the year, there seems every reason to regard this as a moderate estimate. Very favourable reports on the condition of the property have been obtained from Mr. J. A. Macgregor and Mr. Thomas North Christie, and the full report of the latter gentleman is added to the report. Mr. Christie gives the following summary of the present position of the planted area—

|   |           |
|---|-----------|
| Rubber now being tapped .. ..             | 832 acres |
| Rubber about to be tapped .. ..           | 95 "      |
| East Division, Young clearings .. ..      | 167 "     |
| West " " " " " " " " " " " "              | 277½ "    |
| Portions originally planted with Rambong  | 133½ "    |
|   | 1505 "    |
| Add land reclaimed and to be reclaimed .. | 105 "     |
|   | 1610 "    |

Mr. Christie mentions that about 500 lb. per acre was obtained from the oldest-planted rubber last year—trees of about ten years old. On the basis of 4s. 6d. or 5s. for rubber this year (about 1s. a lb. below current prices), the Company should earn at least £50,000 profit, and should pay quite 150 per cent., or 3s. a share, and it is difficult to see what can prevent the shares from going to over 30s. Q.

Saturday, May 1, 1909.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

S. W. P.—Both Municipal Loans are quite safe, and the respective merits are reflected in the price.

JIGGER.—The date of the next Nineteen-day Account is not yet fixed, but we expect it will be in July.

J. A. E.—The shares at the rubbish price now ruling can't hurt you, and even when the reconstruction comes, if you get no good, it will not hurt you. You can get 5 per cent. out of Russians, and the security is good enough. We should prefer Mexican things for our own money.

IBEX.—Our inquiries lead us to think badly of the present management of the Rubber Company. The present price is from 10s. to 12s., but dealing is a matter of negotiation.

EVE.—The following should suit you: (1) Rio de Janeiro New Loan. (2) *Lady's Pictorial* Pref. shares. (3) Anglo-Argentine Tram Second Pref. shares. You will get 6 per cent. all round if you put £200 in each.

E. B. S.—The touting circulars you send us are mere swindles. We really cannot explain in this column "how these things are allowed to go on."

STREATHAM.—The land shares should be held. The Argentine is very prosperous and the Company doing well. Present price 3½, ¼.

ST. CLAIR.—In consequence of the Stock Exchange being closed on May 1 we cannot give you price. We doubt if they are saleable, but will answer fully next week.

SUBSCRIBER.—(1) The accounts are made up to Dec. 31, and presented next month. We doubt a dividend, but 10 per cent. is possible. (2) Expect nothing. (3) Should be held. We can add nothing to what has been said lately. (4) In development stage. Accounts presented at end of year. Do not expect dividend yet. (5) No good.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think Santo Strato will win the Chester Cup. Other selections for the Chester Meeting are: Badminton Plate, Sundrop; Dee Stand Welter, Zuar; Stewards' Plate, Sealed Orders; Prince of Wales's Welter, Heredity; Great Cheshire Handicap, Garnock; Dee Stakes, Oakmere; Earl of Chester's Welter, Gazania. At Harpenden, the Town Handicap may be won by Particolour, and the Hertfordshire Handicap by Moorland Lad. For the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton, I fancy Dean Swift. Other selections are: Stewards' Handicap, Little Flutter; Manor Handicap, Flying Thoughts; Shepperton Handicap, St. Cyril; River Handicap, Vitange; Trial Handicap, Merry Margot. At Ripon, I like Melfrey for the Ripon Handicap.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"Gervase."**

BY MABEL DEARMER.  
(Macmillan.)

The beginning of "Gervase" looks redundant, but is not. It does seem superfluous, at the first glance, to open with the mental processes of a long-clothes baby. (Mrs. Dearmer has no hesitation in making them conscious processes, or of endowing her hero with a memory of such portentous length that it may almost be assumed to cover his cradle existence, which reminds us of Mr. Stead's elderly gentleman who remembered his own birth, not forgetting the lineaments of the doctor and the nurse. But that is another story—) This was no ordinary baby. He was Gervase Alleyne, the child of a hypersensitive, religious woman and a man of "a noble violence"—a masculine being, in fact, in the indulgent, feminine interpretation of the word. Father and mother, true lovers both, were eternally opposed to each other, one being of the earth earthy, and the other intensely spiritual, whereby Gervase was destined to become the meeting-ground of forces fundamentally at war with one another. Undoubtedly, there were breakers ahead for the baby; but—here Mrs. Dearmer's originality comes in—not one in ten thousand would be likely to guess the rock on which they broke. "Gervase" might, indeed, be set as a test for critics. Given such a character, where would his difficulties be most likely to arise? In the novel world, at any rate, in a conflict between love and religion. So far it is easy to guess; but not so the details. Gervase found himself, as a devout Anglican, up against the problem of the Deceased Wife's Sister. He went through the form of marriage with a girl who entrapped him to hide her shame, and later he became engaged to her sister, while, at the same time, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was passing through the House of which he was a member. We have no intention of indicating the course he took: readers must get this clever novel and find out for themselves. Here and there, where Mrs. Dearmer deals with her own sex and its peculiar disabilities, she becomes just a little shrill; but, for the most part, she is a temperate and a proportionately convincing writer, with the knack of creating characters that are the reverse of clothes-pegs. We can recommend "Gervase."

**"Treasure Trove."**

BY C. A. DAWSON-SCOTT.  
(Heinemann.)

The naturalness of Mrs. Smart in "Treasure Trove" is as rare as it is admirable. Mr. Dawson-Scott has a very good idea of what a middle-aged widow woman without means, living in a suburb "twelve miles or so from Charing Cross," would do if she woke up to find a burglar in her room, and he is not ashamed to make it known. This is extra-

ordinarily refreshing: if there is one place of which the novelist usually professes ignorance, and for which he goes out of his way to proclaim his contempt, it is the London suburb. "Can any good thing come out of Tooting?" seems to be the popular catchword at the libraries. Eastham, to be sure, was not Tooting; but Mrs. Smart may be allowed to stand for the sturdy female suburbanite, country bred and well broken to the villa-residence, who is the backbone of her worthy, inconspicuous class. She observed the burglar, at first with a furtive eye, later, when the time seemed ripe to her, with audible criticism. She knew what he was after. It might have made her nervous, for she had the coveted parcel of jewels, carelessly left by him on a former visitation, snug in her possession; but she had had time to perceive through her half-closed lids that a burglar was nothing but a man, and she had her own opinion of men. She got the better of the burglar in argument, and kept the jewels, and found a later opportunity of selling them for a handsome sum. It is curious that the book, after some chapters of Mrs. Smart and her commonsense, should swerve towards something much more cut and dried, the obvious commonplaces of morality. Mrs. Flowerdew's story, so complete in itself, seems out of place here. It is satisfactory, however, and thoroughly in keeping with the lady, to note that Mrs. Smart's conscience was not pricked until conviction came home to her that her treasure-trove was bringing bad luck instead of good. This is the human rule, though thin-skinned moderns are chary of admitting it. "Treasure Trove" is good stuff all through, patchy it may be, but shrewd, sound reading.

**"The Flying Months."**

BY FRANCES M. PEARSE.  
(Smith, Elder.)

"The Flying Months" does not seem a very appropriate title for a book that ambles, in the most leisurely way, through the histories of several rather uninteresting people. There is a great potter in it about the legitimacy of a gentleman to whom it really did not make much difference except as a matter of sentiment. An accredited agent would soon have threshed the matter out, we are sure; but John preferred to make the journey to India, instead of writing a few letters of inquiry. The father, it appeared, had said that he had contracted a bogus marriage, and his relations (who must have had some previous knowledge of him as a superlative liar) accepted the statement. So John went to India, and tried to marry the wrong person, and did not succeed, and if the months had only flown a little quicker, might have been discovered marrying the right one. The people in the story speak and move naturally enough; but the interest is woefully thin, and there is not sufficient substance in the plot to sustain the weight of some otherwise pleasing descriptions of Italy and Anglo-Indian life.

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